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THE SPHERE, JUNE 10, 1933
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1742

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JUNE 10, 1933

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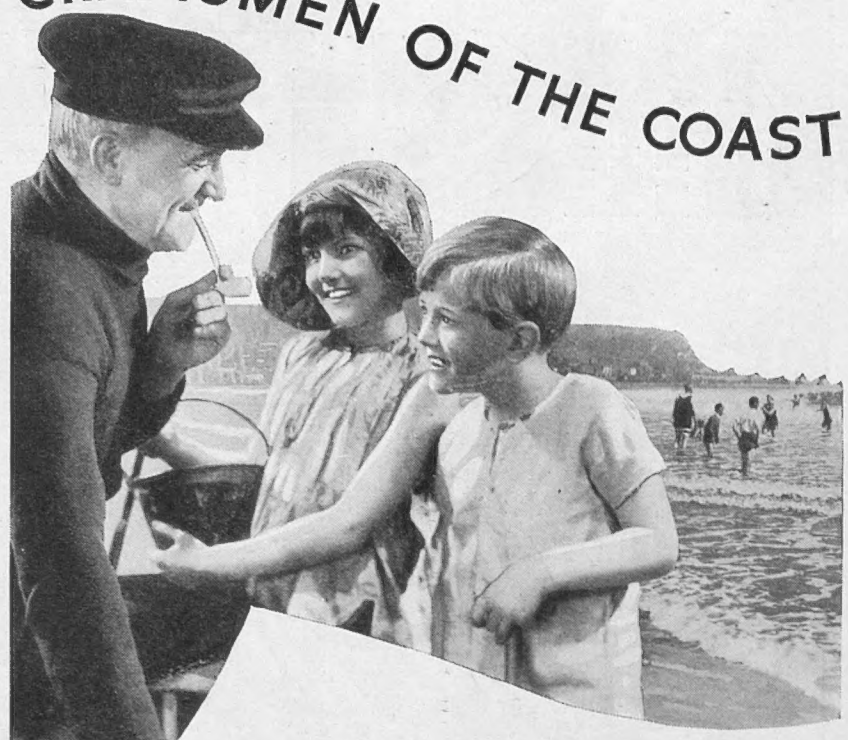
CRAFTSMEN OF THE COAST



Blue jerseyed: blue eyed: steadfast: the East Coast fishermen form a friendly background to the seaside holiday.

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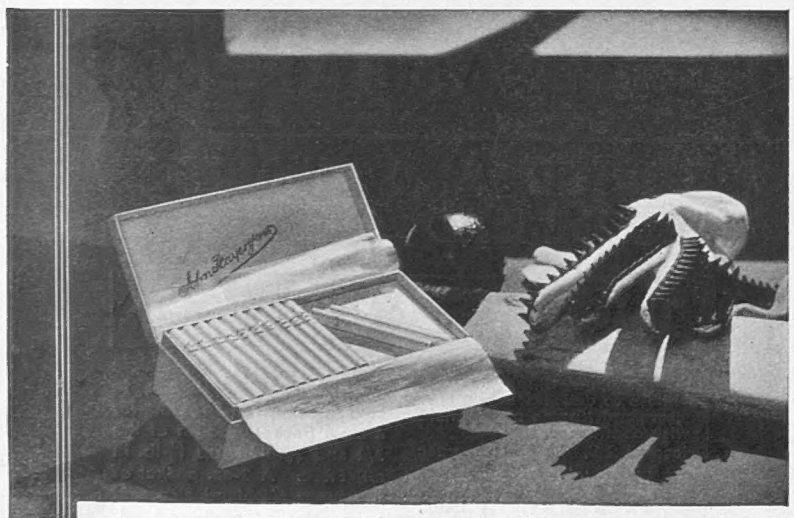

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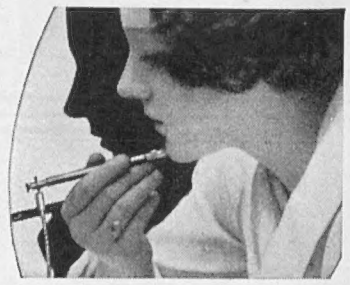

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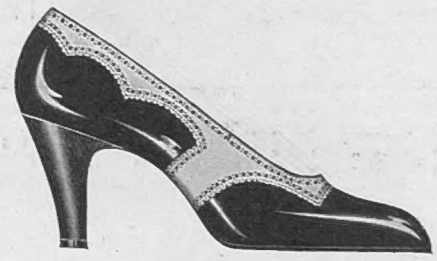

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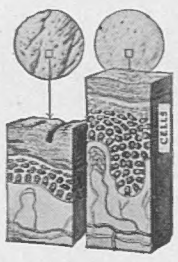
A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows. Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich, active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

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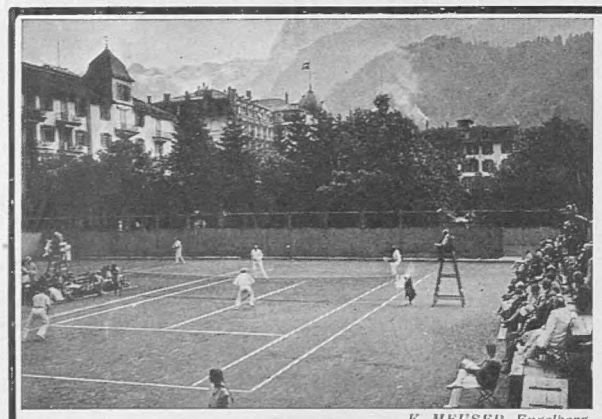

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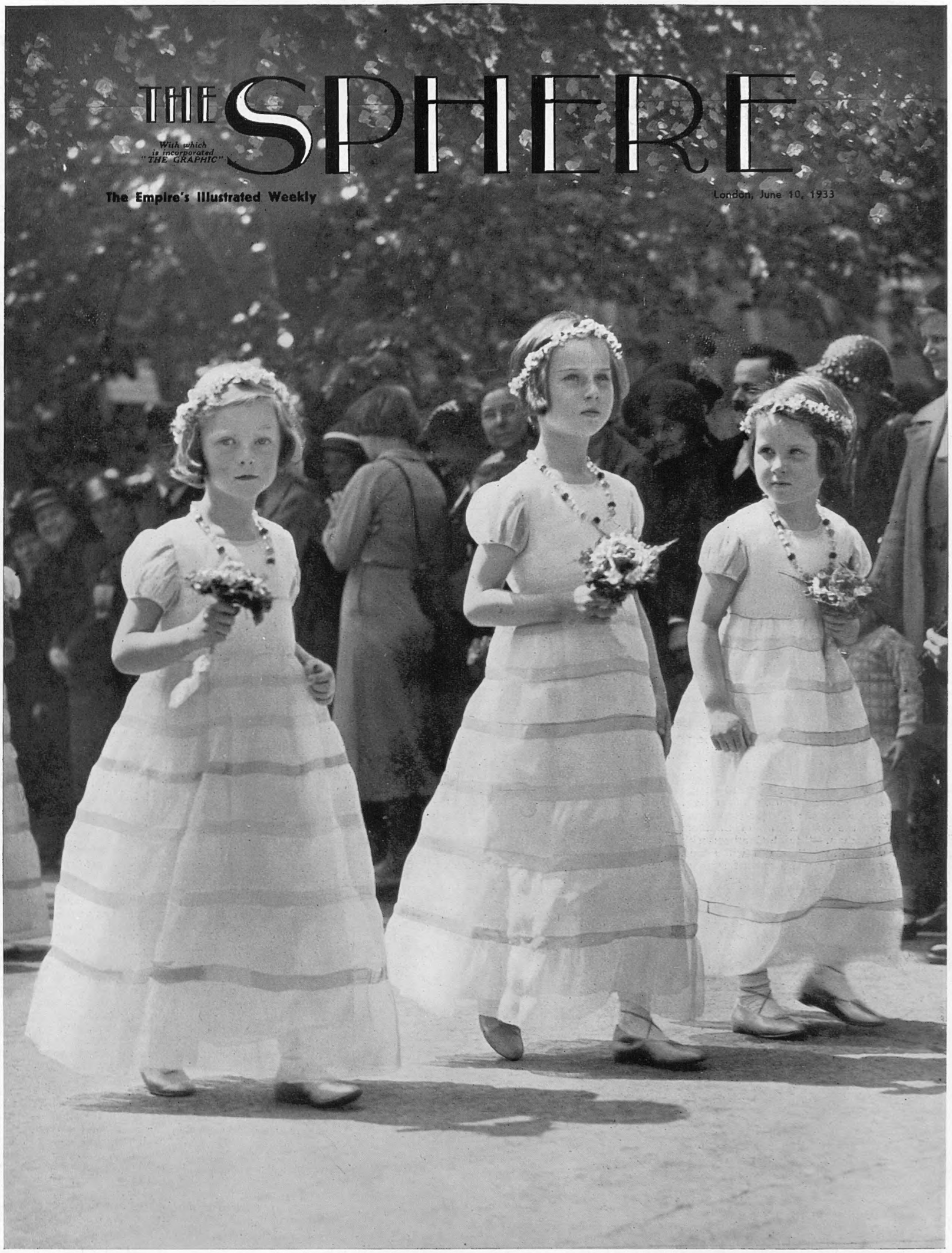
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 10, 1933



JUNE: THE MARRIAGE MONTH

One of the Twenty Weddings that Ushered in the First Day of June

With the Season now at its height, the weather at its most perfect, the delights of Ascot and many a brilliant social function impending, June can truly claim to be the ideal month of the year; the month when London is at its gayest, and therefore the month which, seemingly, is the most popular in which to get married. On June 1 there were twenty important weddings in London. The three little bridesmaids who grace this picture are seen at the wedding of the Hon. Agatha Beaumont, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Allendale and the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, to Mr. John Victor Tait Perowne, H.M. Diplomatic Service, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the right is Miss Iris Perowne, niece of the bridegroom, and next to her are Miss Patricia and Miss Beatrice Purcell Gilpin, the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Gilpin, sister of the bride. Dressed in delightful picture frocks of white organdie muslin and carrying Victorian posies of mixed flowers they made the ceremony, which was attended by Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, one of the most picturesque of the Season. On further pages of this issue of "The Sphere" we publish a special Summer Season Section

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

WHIT-SUN WEATHER UNDER AN AZURE SKY: Father and baby relaxed on the grass enjoy the hottest Whitsun of the century. Thousands trekked out into the country and right through Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Sussex and at the popular seaside resorts Londoners basked in the sunshine of an almost tropical holiday

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 7, 1933.

CHATHAM AND STRACHAN

—There is to be no agreed convention regarding Disarmament to smooth the path of the World Economic Conference. A month ago we were assured that, without it, America's aid at South Kensington would be of none effect. Nothing has happened in the past weeks to justify a change of view, and what I described as a *mi-carême* between periods of black despair and of obscure uncertainty is drawing to a close and appears to have been a *mot juste*. But the curtain is going up and it is the dramatic critic's part to sit the piece out before writing his report. Disarmament and economic reconstruction are the counterparts of Chatham and Strachan. "Lord Chatham with his sword drawn" is, you will admit, an apt simile for the present state of disarmament. He "is waiting for Sir Richard Strachan."

"Sir Richard longing to be at 'em"

"Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

And so perhaps they will stand, bowing and mowing, till final chaos closes in round us and the nations learn too late which among them was the common enemy of peace. On the other hand, there is still hope of what the diplomacy of Mussolini and the combined determination of the two English-speaking nations which control that part of the world which matters most to-day may accomplish. Let us hope for the best.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—While the future of the Second Chamber remains obscure and its present importance is largely academic, the creation of new peerages always seems a trifle hollow. But the four new barons are well-fitted for elevation and are very much of the type of which the House is composed—of the type which makes its impotence the more distressing. General Seely has told us all about himself often. He has had an adventurous life, is a very brave man, and has done much public service. Mr. Lane-Fox is a Yorkshire squire, brother-in-law of Lord Irwin; he has held numerous public offices. Sir Edward Iliffe is well known in Fleet Street, and Sir Ernest Palmer is of the Reading firm and founded the Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund. He has done much for national music. Of minor honours, Jack Squire, poet and editor of *The Mercury*, shares the "accolade" interest with Harry Preston, who is as much the King of Brighton as ever the Regent was. The cuisine at the "Albion" alone deserves a high honour. Everybody from the Prince downwards knows Sir Harry. Miss Horniman's honour was long overdue. And the bureaucrats, from the permanent secretary to the village postman, have only got their deserts. They take the lion's share as a matter course.

ALFRESCO SHAKESPEARE: Sir Nigel Playfair as Malvolio and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia in the open-air presentation of *Twelfth Night* which was given before an audience of over 2,000 in Regent's Park on Whit-Monday. With a grassy platform for stage and a gentle slope as auditorium the play was shown under ideal weather conditions and in the most delightful surroundings

PRINCE PAUL.—Prince Paul of Serbia, who died last week at Nice, was well known in London before his marriage in 1923. He was a familiar figure at balls and dinners in the seasons in London after the War. He was very much a "prince *in petto*," having no political significance, and in London was alternately treated with royal honours and with the utmost informality. He always looked ill, nearly always sad: indeed his face was almost tragic. He was rather self-conscious, keenly aware of his position which both here and in Jugoslavia was anomalous, and he had all that keen "sense of social values" which we associate with foreigners in London society but not usually with royalties. After his marriage some sort of niche was found for him by King Alexander, and he felt at last he had a job in life. Many people in London will recall his melancholy appearance and feel sorrow for his tragic end, although his ill-health and temperament did not allow him to contribute much to the gaieties of social intercourse and thereby to be remembered with affection.

A LON NEW

CONTROLLER OF OUTPUT.—The B.B.C. has created a new post for Colonel Alan Dawnay; he is to be its Controller, Output Division. I am not in the know, but I take it that "output" has to do with the nature of the programmes supplied. Colonel Dawnay is young and for all his grey hairs looks young. He is a very clever soldier, a younger brother of General Dawnay, who is now an expert financier in the hotel world. Colonel Dawnay is a Guardsman; he is very familiar with Egypt and Palestine and was closely associated with Lawrence of Arabia (*vide* Lawrence's famous book). Those who know him and are interested in his career noted the remarkable development of his powers as a result of his attachment to the staff of our delegation to the Disarmament Conference. Colonel Dawnay has every qualification for a post requiring moral courage as well as tact (since he must please a thousand diverse opinions). I would urge him (not that he will listen to me) to show even more moral courage than tact and to use his blue pencil among the following items: Cut down "output" on the texts of newly-issued reports or new Bills. Those of us who are interested must in any case *read* them to-morrow. Cut down reports of speeches in the House and risk the charge of party bias. Why not admit there *is* no Opposition? Cut down "output" on Gandhi's meals or abstinence from meals. The B.B.C. has no sense of proportion as to the relative importance of public men and topics of interest. Incidentally, the dog days are unsuited to debates on political economy. Cut down "output" of radio drama and vaudeville, and cricket results, e.g. if Surrey has beaten Gloucestershire by 115 runs, we really don't need to know what score each side compiled in each innings.

PEACE IN CHINA?—The Press took singularly little interest in the Sino-Japanese armistice, albeit the *fait accompli* came as a surprise. The sober journals put on their Geneva pince-nez and preferred apparently to reason that a war which had no official sanction has neither a beginning nor an end. It is an attitude of mind with which it is difficult not to sympathise—at Geneva. On the other hand, it was no mere paper war. Blood was shed and powder burned, and Japan occupied a wide stretch of Chinese territory south of the Wall. It would be nice to think that a period of peace will now follow in that vast, uneasy, debatable land. But what chance is there of that? Can the Chinese Government or Governments keep the railway zones free of marauders, or dissolve the volunteer corps, or put down anti-Japanese propaganda, or do any of the stated things on which the Japanese retirement to the north of the Wall depends? And if that miracle were accomplished permanently, are there not fresh seeds of trouble in the new Chinese customs duties which largely owe their existence to her heavily increased liabilities in respect to Manchuria, due to Japanese aggression? Perhaps it is as well not to holloa.

DIPLOMACY.—Sardou's *Diplomacy* is like charity. It is unlike the human heart, the municipal electricity supply, the lesser American banks, and a journalist's inspiration. It never fails. It made Bancroft rich and no one bankrupt. It has been played a thousand times as a drama, as a melodrama, as a costume piece, as a museum piece, as a classic in plus fours, with a one-star, a no-star, and an all-star cast. And always it is rapturously received and plays for a time to good houses. And now you can see this famous old winner — the "White

DON SLETTER

Knight" of Theatre Land—seated in the seats of the mighty for the price of one dollar, see it with an all-star cast; Sir Gerald as Henry Beauclerc, Rathbone as Julian, Lewis Casson as Baron Stein, Eric Portman as Orloff, Margaret Bannerman and Joyce Kennedy as Dora and Zicka, and Esmé Beringer as Lady Henry. It is played this time in modern clothes and with up-to-date allusions (as though Hamlet should make allusion to the new Trade Pact with England, or Ariel make his entry before Prospero on time in a Puss Moth). But nothing defeats Sardou's *Diplomacy*. It is the only sort of diplomacy (unless Mussolini's) which succeeds. Support, therefore, this great effort of Charles Macdona to popularize the theatre once more.

THE LITTLE BOOM.—Will the recent boom on 'Change survive the rodeo at South Kensington? *Haeret ibi res*—that's the question! Ought we speculators of the 1920's, who feared we had lost our all, to get out, as we now can, after the recent rise from rock bottom, and take a loss of 50 per cent. instead of 95 per cent.? Consider a common problem set out in a little table:—

	Originally Cost £	Worth at Rock Bottom £	Worth at Present Price £
£200 Dunlop Ordinary -	430	70	280
20 Celanese of America Common	390	45	150
£200 Grand Central Rubber Ordinary	400	30	130

It's a nice little problem which could well be elaborated and enlarged and which faces hundreds of people. Is this just a *mi-carême*, or are we to bank on a trade revival in fact as well as in sentiment, a maintenance of commodity price new levels, and a happy issue out of these fog-obscured World Conferences? Admittedly our problem is simplified by the reflection that if we slip back again to world chaos it won't matter in the long run whether we chose shrewdly or not. For our golden eggs will be of no more use to us in that event than was the bag of guineas to Crusoe.

OUR OPERA HOUSE.—The sands run out. Can it be saved? Ought it to be saved? Not for tradition's sake. The rising generation has no sense of the past or reverence for tradition, and the affair is one for the young. Not for its architecture or decoration, though they are good of their kind. But it happens to be acoustically perfect. Generations of great singers have acknowledged its excellence, and love it. The artist comes back with thankfulness to Covent Garden from nobler opera houses. But its dressing-rooms are mean and unhealthy, foyer and approach alike are cramped. Of a morning this temple of music is blocked with garden produce and the stage door is vociferous with porters. Worse than these inconveniences is the financial aspect. The present capacity of the house makes it a certain loser. It is a thousand seats short of the economic Plimsoll line and has been so for half a century. So for that matter has been the market. It is utterly inadequate for London's needs and must find more space in Covent Garden or migrate. One or two experts declare that the necessary seating accommodation in the House can be "corbelled out," without interfering with the acoustics. But one or the other, house or market, must go, and it seems likely that the old Covent Garden opera has played its part. It may be that during renovation or pending a new building, Drury Lane might do duty as a makeshift. A daring architect of my acquaintance puts in a plea for a site in Carlton House Terrace where a number of houses are untenanted. One could not pick a more fit place for our National Opera House, and for such a building the contentious question of height would not necessarily arise. Here, perhaps, on the not very romantic soil of Florizel's florid palace, a new opera house may settle the disputed question of the future of the Carlton site. But acoustics are a matter of pure chance.

THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: Her Majesty with the Princess Royal, Princess Elizabeth, the Duchess of York and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles driving down the Mall on Saturday to witness the impressive ceremonial of the trooping of the colour on the occasion of the King's sixty-eighth birthday. The Royal party saw the parade from the windows above the archway of the Horse Guards

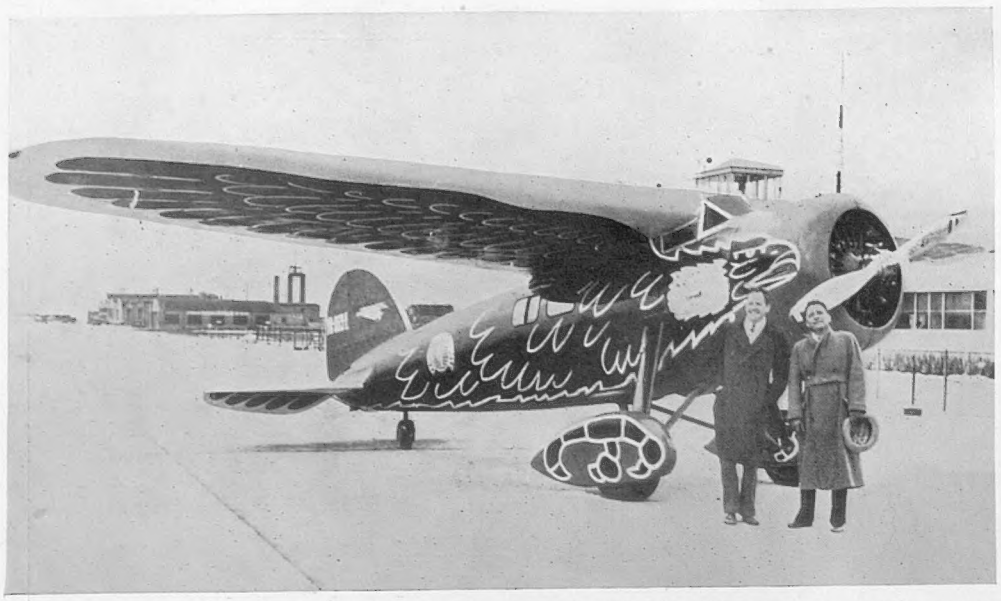
HISTORIC HOUSES AND GARDENS.—Here is a further batch of houses and gardens now opening to the public and within reach of Londoners. This week I have paid as much attention to the historic interest or beauty of the house as to the merits of the garden. Every garden is lovely in June. The great house of Chastleton, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, must be seen to be believed. It is the most perfect Jacobean house in England and the garden matches it worthily. It opens on June 12. On June 15 there is Chilham Castle (Canterbury), which stands beside the famous Romano-Norman Tower, as old as English history. The new house dates from 1600; the garden is remarkable for its terraces and clipped yews. On the same day opens St. Catherine's Court (Bath). House and garden are one and indivisible, an undying monument to Tudor and Jacobean taste. Nymans (Handcross), Sussex, is one of the most brilliant "fakes" in architecture. The house was built to suit the ancient gardens, and the two appear to have been born together in Elizabeth's reign. It opens June 16. Goodwood (Chichester) opens June 18, an appropriate day since the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball on June 15 is eternally linked with Waterloo. The house is full of treasures and memorials of Charles II, a founder of the family. The park is a dream, the Isle of Wight can be seen from the high ground, and the cedars are world-famous. Finally, let stay-at-home Londoners "discover" Wilbraham House, Sloane Street, one of London's most thrilling surprises. This little hidden garden might be a bit of Wiltshire. It opens every Monday and Thursday from now on to the middle of July.

WHITSUN.—It was hot on Whitsun day in 1870. It was warm in 1911. The first of these Whitsun days was brewing up for Bismarck, the second for Kaiser Wilhelm. But it was hotter still on Whitsun day, June 4, 1933, by at least three degrees beyond recorded heat, and in the hope that the weather is brewing up for lasting peace and prosperity, we got down to it and enjoyed it. At least I did. Meals out of doors; deck chairs in the shade, with jugs beside one with ice clinking in them. Family paddling, punting and bathing under the shade of flowering rhododendrons. And dinner over, a long evening sitting and strolling in the garden, watering seedlings, listening to a nightingale singing to a three-quarter moon and the stars in their courses, and the scent of hay and verbena and roses intoxicating the evening air. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.* And so to South Kensington.

THE OLD STAGER

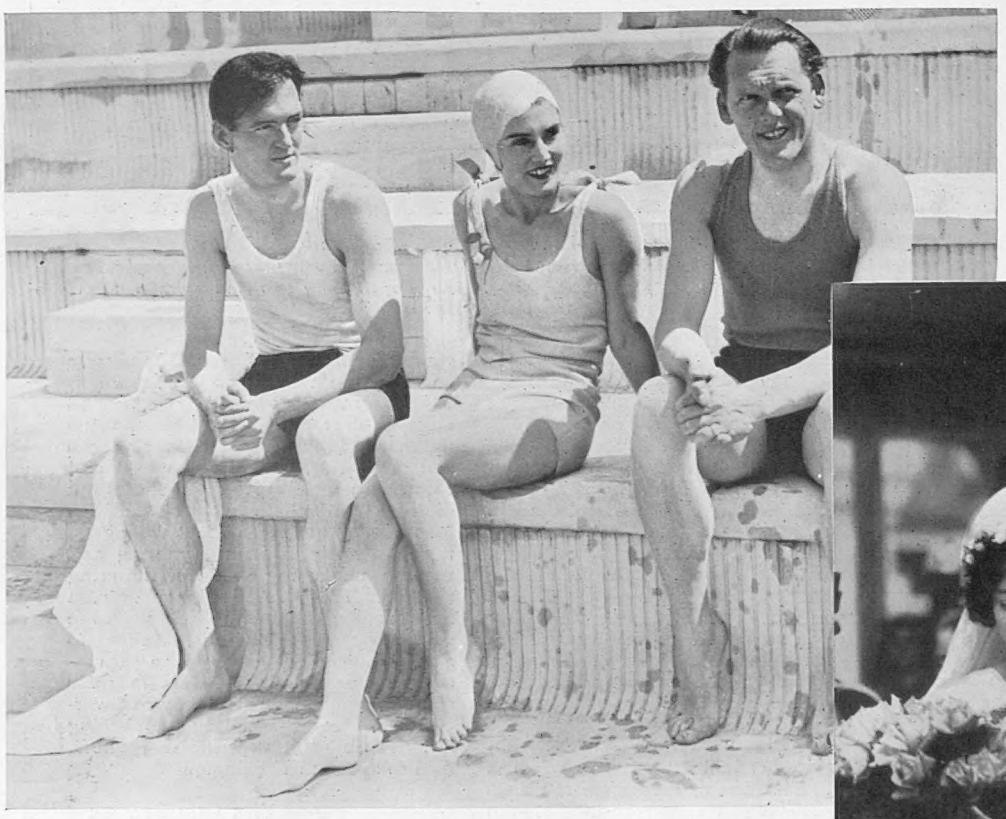
THE SUN SHINES ON ETON'S FOURTH OF JUNE: An Etonian and his sister at last Saturday's celebrations. As the fourth fell on a Sunday this year the festival took place on Saturday, June 3. Glorious summer weather marked the occasion and as usual Eton presented a gay spectacle with the delightful summer frocks of the visitors who were dressed in their coolest and best

THE WORLD AT WHITSUN



NEW YORK TO NORWAY NON-STOP: Mr. James Mattern (right) with his 'plane *Century of Progress*, in which he crossed the Atlantic last week-end on the first lap of his world flight. In spite of nearly meeting disaster over the sea he managed to land safely on Jomfruland Island, near Oslo

LITTLE ENTENTE STATUTE RATIFIED IN PRAGUE: M. Radulescu, the Rumanian Minister, signing the pact. Also in the group are M. Titulescu and M. Benes



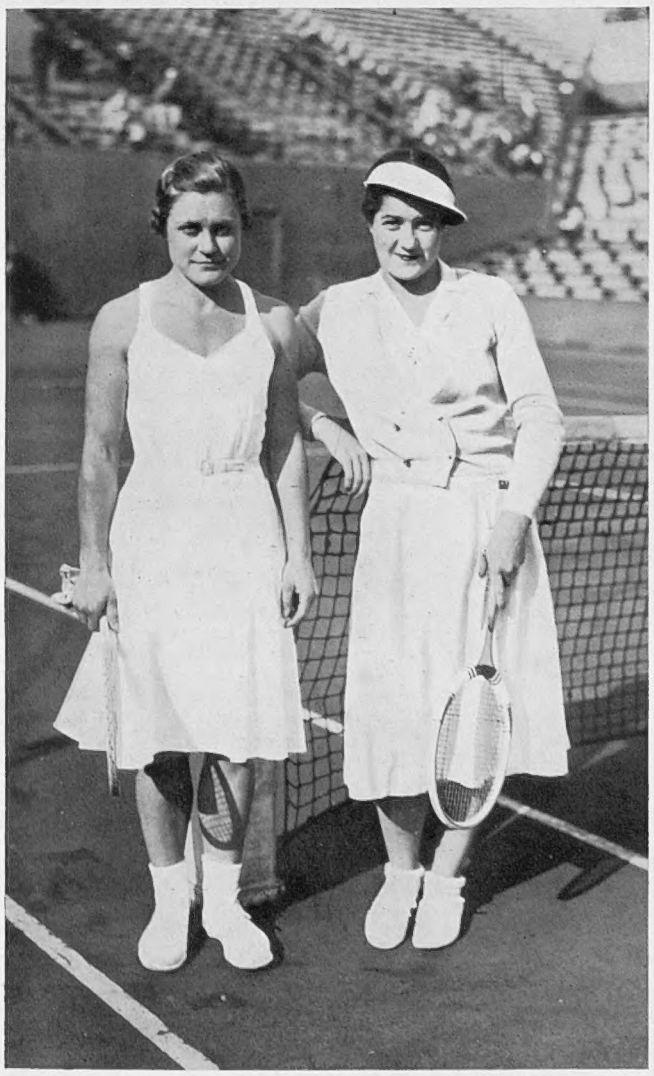
WHITSUN AT LE TOUQUET: Mr. Rollo Hoare, Lady Plunket and Lord Plunket at the swimming pool, Le Touquet. The famous French resort once again attracted a large holiday crowd, and English visitors were well to the fore

THE EX-KAISER'S GRANDSON FORFEITS HIS RIGHTS AND MARRIES A COMMONER: Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of the ex-German Crown Prince, and Fräulein Dorothea von Salviati leaving the church after their marriage at Bonn on Saturday. After the official ceremony the Hohenzollern administration in Berlin announced that Prince Wilhelm had, by his marriage, forfeited any royal rights to which he might have succeeded

FRENCH HOLIDAY EXPRESS DISASTER: The derailed engine and telescoped carriages of the Paris—La Boule holiday express which jumped the rails and crashed near Nantes early on Sunday morning. Fourteen passengers lost their lives and about a hundred were more or less seriously injured. The train was travelling at sixty m.p.h. over a section of the line where the speed was limited to eighteen m.p.h. The driver is alleged to have disregarded instructions

MISS SCRIVEN VICTORIOUS : LORD BURGHLEY IN FORM

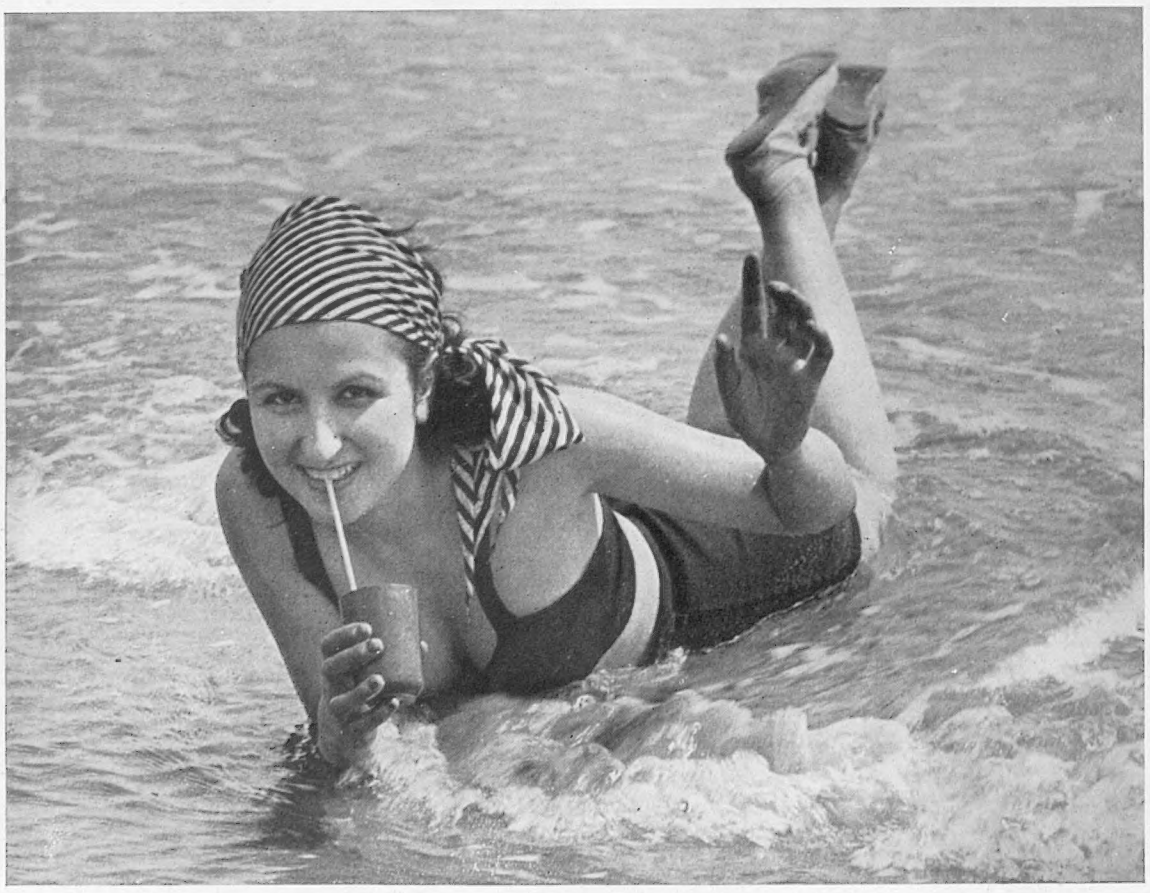
Above—A WHITSUN CRUISING PARTY on Oulton Broad. *Below*—M. H. C. Gutteridge winning the half-mile for the Achilles Club at the White City. *Right*—Miss Scriven in action against Mme Mathieu



MISS SCRIVEN STRIKES A BLOW FOR BRITISH TENNIS: Miss Scriven (right), the new French champion, and Miss Mary Heeley after their fourth round match in the Ladies' Singles Championships at Auteuil. Miss Scriven won this round in two sets and on Monday went to win the singles title from Mme Mathieu by 6–2, 4–6, 6–4. The new champion played brilliant tennis, and in spite of an incessant bombardment on her back-hand, succeeded in unsettling one of the most consistent women players in the game

OVER THE JUMPS AT THE WHITE CITY: Lord Burghley (nearest camera) putting up a fine performance to win the 120 yards hurdles for the Achilles Club at the White City on Whit-Monday when rival home and overseas teams competed before 20,000 spectators. Achilles won six of the eight main events. In the three-quarter mile relay race, which concluded the programme, Lord Burghley put up another fine performance in the last lap to win the event for his team by ten yards

WHIT-MONDAY by the SEA: BRIGHTON



IN A SUMMER SEA AT HASTINGS: The stormy days of winter seemed like a dimly remembered dream in the face of a Channel sea of wondrous calm. There was just enough motion in the water to give sparkle to these crisp little waves and thousands of bathers had a perfect day

JOY AT THE OPENING OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAY SEASON: This young rock sprite had many counterparts during the Whitsun burst of sunshine

BEACH at NOONTIDE under a CLOUDLESS SKY

A TYPICAL SOUTH-COAST WHITSUN SCENE: Brighton's beach at mid-day presented this sun-drenched picture of holiday by the sea. On the right innumerable bathers were swimming or paddling in an idyllic sea broken by miniature waves, a condition which enabled the most anxious mothers to watch with equanimity their young disporting themselves in the shallow waters. Hundreds of hatless folk seemed indifferent to the fact that the temperature was standing at 90 degrees in the shade

OVER THE GOLDEN THANET SANDS: A ride on a Channel-side moke has a thrill all its own. This party at Westonville, Margate, was typical of many such scenes. All the Kent, Sussex and Hampshire seaside resorts received thousands of holiday visitors, but it was the same everywhere in varying degree, sunlit crowds enjoying perfect summer weather conditions

PAGEANTRY OF THE CAPITAL: The impressive ceremonial of the Trooping of the Colour at last Saturday's parade on the Horse Guards

LOOKING at LONDON

A Symbol of Solidity in a World of Unrest and a Fitting Venue for the Most Vital of the Post-War Conferences

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

About ten years ago, when the rapid succession of conferences had almost used up the European supply of meeting places, it was said that the statesmen requested their staffs to examine the map carefully and to find a casino or a capital they had not yet visited. They had gone from Paris to Versailles, to Spa, to San Remo, to Genoa, to Cannes, and had stopped on the way at Boulogne, and I don't know how many other places, and they discovered Switzerland with its Geneva and its Locarno, and did not forget the Hague. They even crossed the Atlantic and stayed in Washington. If travel is a liberal education, the European Ministers should be exceedingly erudite.

Afterwards, the conference habit declined, but in the past few years it has vigorously revived. It was inevitable that London would be, sooner or later, discovered. Generally it has been neglected, though it was indeed made the rendezvous of the Naval Conference a few years ago. On that occasion, coming from the Continent with a well-known Prime Minister, who was flitting backwards and forwards, I asked him for his impressions of the British capital.

He answered in one word, "Solidity." Perhaps the description was insufficient, but it was appropriate. It reminded me of the reply of a laconic French marshal on his return from a visit to the United States: "L'Amérique? C'est un pays immense! Immense! Immense!" And he made great circles with his arms.

Solidity is, in fact, the quality of London which most strikes the foreigner. It struck me, an Englishman, after a long absence, when I returned for a time to the metropolis. We live in a world of extraordinary changes. All the old landmarks are being swept away. Madrid has been modernized—in parts, one would almost say, it has been Americanized. Berlin has grown up within living memory. The magic touch of Mussolini is transforming Rome. Vienna makes me think of a theatre in which the lights have been lowered and the seats covered. The glories of Moscow have departed. As for Paris, whoever knew the old boulevards will find them sadly different — more vulgar and blatant. . . .

But London? London is what it always was. At least it has not essentially altered. Doubtless they have put up new buildings in the Strand and in Fleet Street; doubtless they have widened some of the West End thoroughfares; doubtless the music-halls of my boyhood have disappeared; doubtless they have carried the suburbs further out. They have done many superficial things, but they have not succeeded in making a new London. It is the same old London, solid and immovable; one feels it must have existed like that for centuries, and will exist like that for centuries to come.

My Prime Minister, after a little reflection, elaborated his thought: "When one sees London, one understands England. The sense of permanence is the great secret. London may not be as beautiful as other capitals, but it has a quiet dignity and produces a sensation of rooted power. Paris, let us say, is like a silver birch; London is like a majestic oak."

The contrast between London and New York is particularly impressive. New York has lost something of its real character to-day, but it is still vivid and violent, trepidant and clamorous; whereas London is measured and almost reposeful. Its influence is calm and profound. It has not to cry to assert itself, or to shoot up screaming skyrockets of buildings. It speaks to you in conversational tones, without epigrams or oratorical flourishes.

Paul Morand lately spoke a true word when he said that London was the least Americanized of cities. Paris, of course, became very Americanized, and even its champagne was labelled Gout Américain. But in London nothing is labelled Gout Américain. American visitors, on the contrary, catch the London accent; and their greatest ambition is to be presented at Court . . . If there is any point of contact, it is not between the West End and Fifth Avenue; it is between Whitechapel and Broadway.

I confess I know little of Lord Trenchard's reforms, but I am certain they cannot change the character of the London policeman. Whenever I see him he seems to me a symbol of the city—orderly, imperturbable, good-humoured. His authority is indisputable, and he has therefore not to fuss about it. I wonder if it is realized how much the London policeman strikes the keynote of London life? There is no excitement, as in Paris, and no arrogance, as in Berlin; there is no familiarity, but neither is there a rigid discipline that refuses to be helpful.

It appeared to be that London was, despite the world depression, one of the gayest of capitals. I went to the theatres expecting to find them empty; on the contrary, they were well filled and, to me, surprisingly well dressed. I went to the restaurants, and they were crowded and cheerful. I went to literary and artistic parties, and I heard nothing like the doleful talk to which I have listened elsewhere. There was, perhaps, only one exception to this general current of optimism; it was when I entered the haunts of political and economic journalism, where there was inspissated gloom. But even here the prospects brightened before I left, and it was agreed that the statistics were more promising and there might still be hope for a crazy world.

What would be the effect on prices of the invasion of several scores of delegations, with their advisers and experts and their crowds of newspapermen? On London, as a whole, a few thousand extra visitors, among the teeming millions of inhabitants, will make no impression, as they would on the smaller towns where statesmen have been accustomed to congregate. On a number of occasions the sudden irruption of politicians and their followers has strained the resources of a town to the utmost, and has considerably disturbed the normal life of the natives. There can be no such result in London. Yet, since the Conference will be confined to a small area and to a selected number of hotels and restaurants, there may be, in particular spots, a sense of overcrowding. But no one will be obliged to sleep on the billiards table or in the bathroom!

They will admire, as I admired once more, the great green spaces in the midst of this mighty mass of masonry; and they will relish the little oases of cloistered silence in the ancient yards and the inns of court. They will appreciate the perfect service of the hotels and restaurants, and the nippy promptitude of the tea shops. They will be pleased with the well-ordered and well-appointed stores. It is not many years ago that I repeated a statement, by no means original, to the effect that London, with its plethora of tailors and tobacconists, was a man's town, while Paris, with its *magasins* and jewellers, was a woman's town. In that respect, at any rate, there has been some modification. The recognized shopping centres have become more predominantly feminine. Which is, I am sure, as it should be.

Even the sports and amusements of London suggest an indefinable air of tradition. The races, the cricket matches, the boating on the river, and the rest are all as they used to be, and it would seem sacrilege to disturb them. What visitor neglects to see the old ceremony of the Changing of the Guard? What visitor is not thrilled by the broad, grey sweep of Trafalgar Square? What visitor fails to find the famous steak and kidney pudding, and the equally famous beef and mutton of London? What visitor can keep away from Soho? Personally, there are two things which I always do almost as a solemn rite—the first is to go to an eating-place redolent of Victorian memories, and the second is to listen to the open-air orators in Hyde Park. They convince me, even more than the dome of St. Paul's, that London does not change.

I cannot but think that this feeling of continuity which is so characteristic of London makes the British capital the most suitable place for a World Economic Conference. There have been upheavals everywhere, and there will be more upheavals before we settle down again. But one is less conscious of the tremendous agitation which has thrown down values, moral as well as material, in London than elsewhere. The pound, it is true, has fluctuated, but the Bank of England is still the synonym of stability in a turbulent universe, and it would be difficult to say as much of any other great national financial institution.

And there is nothing which we so much need as to recover the old sentiment of permanence which has been badly shattered.

But the Economic Conference, sitting in London, though it will necessarily realize that everything is in transition, will likewise be reminded of the vital principle of continuity. For of that principle of continuity and, as my Prime Minister expressed it, of solidity, London is the supreme exemplar.

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"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

THE MORGAN ENQUIRY: Mr. J. P. Morgan, head of the famous New York banking house, leaving the Senate Office Building after almost a full day on the witness stand. Some startling facts relating to the firm's income-tax returns were revealed during the enquiry

CHARGED WITH FRAUD: Mr. and Mrs. John Amery at the Paris Sûreté Générale where they were informed of the extradition proceedings instituted against them by the Greek Government. They were faced with charges of fraud

BEAUTY AT THE BULL FIGHT: Among the festivities arranged in Madrid to celebrate the election of the European Beauty Queen was a bull fight which was attended by all the competitors. One of the matadors is seen with Miss England (right)

PICTURESQUE PIEDMONTE COSTUMES AT AN ITALIAN HISTORICAL DISPLAY: The 300-year-old Palio di Asti took place recently near Turin, Italy. These gay participants wearing the costume of their district are mounted, two each, on richly bedecked horses

A POLISH MILITARY REVIEW AT THE PORT OF GDYNIA: At times during the past few months as many as 10,000 Polish soldiers and marines have been marshalled in the new port at the head of the Corridor. Their presence has caused considerable anxiety in neighbouring Danzig where Polish and German citizens have been striving for supremacy in the city's administration

ELECTION TIME IN THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPEAN UNREST: "Long live Polish-Danzig" is the inscription on this Polish railway carriage. An outward manifestation of the intense feeling that is working up in the Free City between the apostles of the German Nazi movement and the Polish Nationalists. In the recent Danzig elections the Nazis polled 107,335 votes and obtained a clear majority of 120 over the five other parties. The House now consists of seventy-two members of whom thirty-eight are Nazis

CAMPING DURING A FLAG MARCH: The route was through pleasant undulating wooded country, most of the impedimenta being carried on lumbering bullock carts. Behind a distant tent can be seen the flag flying from its pole

"FLAG-MARCHING" TH

RESTFUL SHADE IN THE NOONTIDE HEAT: Troops resting after a march through Bengal passed had not been visited by soldiers for many years. At each halting-

The references to the future of the British Army in India in the White Paper curious and disturbing. Neither the word "army" nor the phrase "British there are only references to "defence forces" among the "special responsi entrusted, and the lines on p. 9 pointing out that "the rights and con Forces will continue generally to be regulated as at present" is the only white officers exist in India at the present time. The White Paper does as the final link holding India to the Empire. "Defence" is reserved to allowed to ask for the moneys he considers necessary for its proper amount with his Ministers and presumably reached agreement. In order

British Indian Army with its loyal constituent Indian troops is doing to-day column's experiences from the pen of one who accompanied

To keep the King's peace in Bengal, and to help to combat the terrorist movement which has raised its ugly head and manifested its evil nature by committing shocking and purposeless crimes, seven battalions of troops—British, Indian, and Gurkha—have recently been drafted into the Presidency as additional garrison. To assist in the suppression of anarchical organizations by putting heart into the public services and loyalists, and demonstrating clearly to the subversive elements and waverers that Government still has reserves of power behind it, the troops are being employed in marching through the various districts in small columns, usually a company of roughly 150 to 200 men.

These columns go out for a period of anything from two to five or six weeks, and their itinerary is made to include towns and villages in which malcontents and persons hostile to the Government are known to live. The greater part of the areas traversed has seen no troops since the days of the old John Company, and it is easy to imagine with what mixed emotions the inhabitants anticipate a visit from the soldiers, most of them basing their apprehensions on the tales that have been handed down anent the lawlessness and rapacity of the Honourable Company's redcoats. Such have been the fears of the people in the more outlying districts, that whole villages have been deserted on the near approach of the marching columns, the inhabitants either hiding in the surrounding fields or, if their consciences are more troubled by reason of past acts of contumacy, going off to more distant refuges.

The country through which we marched was very attractive though in part very malarial and poverty-stricken—well-wooded and slightly undulating, with innumerable lotus-covered tanks or pools, and on all sides as far as the eye could reach, verdant rice-fields. Small game in the way of teal, partridge, snipe, and hare was fairly plentiful, and we took our toll. In the tanks, fish of the genus carp run to a prodigious size and are very good eating. They appear to rise freely to fly, but having no rod with us, we did not kill any, those which came to the mess table being netted.

What happens to them in the hot months, when the tanks almost dry up, is a mystery.

THE THATCHED DWELLINGS OF BENGAL: Natives outside a typical Bengali cottage

In some areas roads were non-existent, sandy tracks between fields taking their place. During the rains of the monsoon months these become mere quagmires, and districts are entirely cut off from one another for any form of vehicular traffic, the palanquin with its human beasts of burden being the only available means of travelling, unless the wayfarer goes on foot. The ambulance lorry which accompanied the column for evacuating casualties from sickness or accident had often great difficulty in following us, and on many occasions, due to breaks in the road, had to be lifted over bodily.

Bamboo growing freely in this part of the country, we merely had to cut down poles with which to lift it.

Occasionally we passed one of the old survey towers built many years ago but which have now outgrown their usefulness and fallen into desuetude. On more than one occasion recently these towers have been known to harbour dacoits, who have made them a headquarters for the carrying out of their nefarious schemes.

Dacoities, or robberies with violence, are a common occurrence in this as in other parts of India, and in Bengal the terrorist organizations are doubtlessly allied closely to this form of crime.

A profitable source of income to the dacoit is to waylay and rob the mail runner who, with his archaic spear for protection and a bell round his neck to give warning of his coming, runs from stage to stage carrying His Majesty's mail. Almost every day we met with crowds of Sonthals moving from place to place to hire themselves out for the harvesting of the rice crop. These people are of the aboriginal tribes of Bengal and are physically finer than the ordinary type of Bengali, the women especially being very well formed. Those we passed on the road moved along at a kind of jog-trot, carrying all their earthly possessions slung about them, the babies being carried in baskets on a bamboo pole.

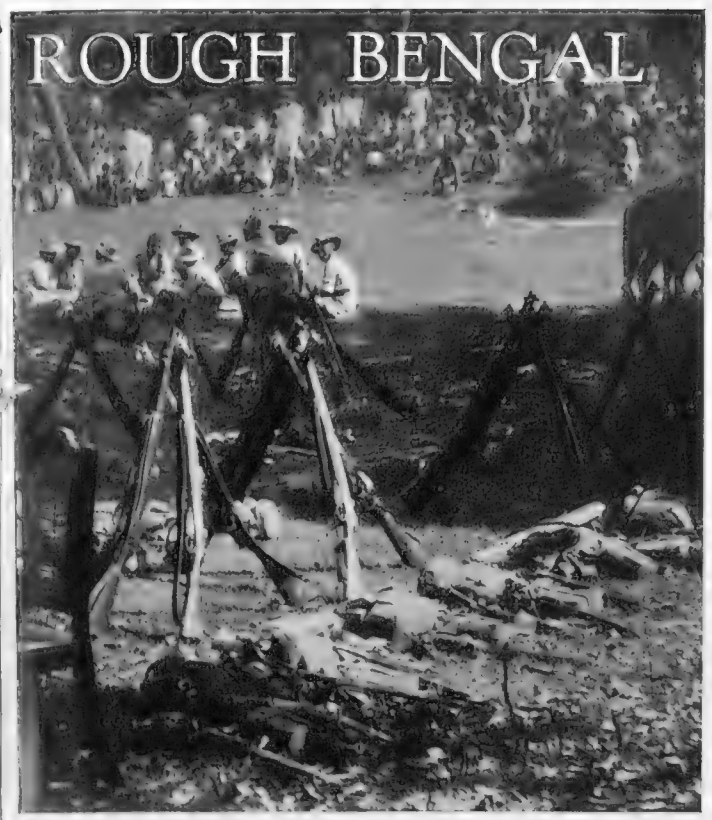
They are said to do as many as thirty or forty miles a day when on the move.

Our transport was composed of bullock-carts, hired at each stage of the march. These lumbering vehicles, drawn by their ruminating beasts, move along inexorably at the rate of one-and-a-half to two miles an hour, and no entreaties or harsher methods can make them move any faster. Our usual routine was to strike camp and load two hours before dawn so as to allow the transport a good start, the men marching shortly after daylight. The average length of a day's march was about fifteen miles; but even with this start, we always arrived at our next camping ground hours before the transport arrived.

On its arrival all became methodical bustle and activity: tents to be pitched, stores unloaded, company-cooks starting their fires and preparing the evening meal; whilst work done, for recreation, the men would find some level spot to kick a football about, and the officers would go off with a gun in the hopes of filling the pot.

At most of our halting-places on the march we met with a reception from the local officials and loyalists, varying from the stilted and hyperbolical address of welcome of the town to the more homely greeting of the small village. The officers were invariably bedecked with a necklace

ROUGH BENGAL



territory. Many of the outlying districts through which the column place the routine of camp life attracted the curious

(Proposals for Indian Constitutional Reform) are Army" occur anywhere in the White Paper and bilities" with which the Governor-General is to be ditions of service of the personnel of the Defence indication of the White Paper's realization that not appear to regard the army of British Tommies the Governor-General, but he will not be maintenance until he has fully discussed the to show our readers one item of what the we give here a description of a "flag-marching" these troops through Bengal

WHITE PAPER WONDERS: No. 2

"The Defence of India Must, to an Increased Extent, be the Concern of the Indian People and Not of the British Government Alone."—*White Paper, p. 13*

To amuse their guests during tea our hosts sometimes provided entertainment in the way of native music, acrobatic shows, and Sonthal dancers. At Vishunpur, one of the larger towns we visited, is a long-established and famous school of Bengali music, and at a function held there the students entertained us with a selection from their repertoire, their sitars, instruments much resembling the guitar, giving out soft and melodious notes.

Sonthal dancing is a most weird and wild expression of the art of Terpsichore, the dancers appearing in elaborate head-dresses composed of peacock feathers, posturing and shuffling their feet to the beating of curiously-shaped drums, also festooned with feathers, which they twang with a sort of bow string, ceasing only when exhausted.

Attending these functions, we always went armed with a pistol, taking care not to transgress the laws of hospitality by wearing them too conspicuously.

Each officer, also, was accompanied by his personal bodyguard, an orderly similarly armed, commonly known as the "bumper-off." We had no wish to be caught napping by any of our terrorist friends.

Our first appearance at any halting-place was always greeted with a certain amount of shyness, not unleavened with suspicion; but as the people gradually got accustomed to our looks, and noted the quiet and orderly behaviour of the troops, confidence returned and they began to collect in crowds around the camp.

Such military activities as guard-mounting and changing, playing of Retreat and the hundred and one other routine duties inseparable from camp-life, used to attract great attention, the grooming of animals in the mule-lines being very popular as a show. The Bengali seldom, if ever, seeing one, the mule was looked upon with as much wonder as would be bestowed by us on some apocryphal beast. The pipe-and-drum band playing Retreat was also a great attraction, the wild Highland music seeming to hold them spell-bound. Did a terrorist, armed with his pistol or bomb, awaiting his fell opportunity, ever mix in with the crowd, I am certain the stirring pibroch and the lilting marches must have exorcised the evil from his soul, and saved him from his dastardly act.

RUNNING ROAD REPAIRS: Natives assisting in the widening of a Bengal village street to make way for the passage of a motor ambulance

The efficacy of these columns as regards eradicating the pestilence of terrorism remains to be proved; but they are fully justifying their use in other directions.

They are showing the townsman and villager, with whom they come in contact, that they are not the brutal and licentious soldiery of popular imagination, and are successfully refuting the fantastic and malicious rumours spread abroad by the Congress-wallah, to the effect that the troops of the "Satanic English Government" are as lawless and cruel as ever were the conquering hordes of old. In one village in particular, such a rumour was spread, afterwards imputed to the village barber, with the consequence that when we came to march off instead of an interested crowd to watch us depart, we found the village deserted by all but the more stout-hearted.

For this reason these fraternization marches are proving of inestimable value in showing the countryside that the troops come as friends, and nothing is to be feared from them unless purposefully provoked.

VILLAGE DOGBERRIES: A group of Bengal native policemen. Note the primitive spears with which they are armed

of strong-smelling marigolds much to our embarrassment, field-service uniform and floral decorations looking somewhat incongruous.

These receptions were usually held under a triumphal archway of foliage and bunting, with appropriate inscriptions invoking blessings on our King and Viceroy. On one occasion the motto read "God help the soldiers," which caused me lively apprehensions as to what our welcome was likely to be.

Sometimes a tea-party would be given to the officers, which also varied from a rich repast, obviously ordered specially from Calcutta, to a modest meal of fresh coco-nut juice and cakes given by the smaller village. At these parties the British and Gurkha officers sat at separate tables for the sake of Hindu orthodoxy. The Gurkha, who ordinarily is no narrow sectarian as regards religious matters, but holds views as adaptable as those of the Vicar of Bray, thinks it best in this country of rigid Brahminism strictly to conform to the letter of sacerdotal law.

THE END OF A FIVE WEEKS' TREK: British and Gurkha officers before entraining for headquarters after their march through Bengal. All wore smart military shorts

NEW MINISTERS OF THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT SWORN IN AT THE HAGUE: Six of the nine new Ministers leaving the Palace after their meeting with Queen Wilhelmina. Left to right—Dr. P. J. Oud (Finance), Dr. H. P. Marchant (Instruction), Dr. J. A. Kalff (Communications), Dr. J. A. de Wilde (Minister of the Interior), Dr. R. J. H. van Schaik (Justice), Dr. H. Colijn (Premier and Minister of the Colonies)

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE NETHERLANDS: The Queen Mother, Princess Juliana, Prince Henry, and Queen Wilhelmina

IN OLD VOLENDAM: A Dutchman bringing his children to the opening of the new school for primary instruction at Volendam

POST-HASTE: An Amsterdam postman making his afternoon mail collection from a tramway-car which had just arrived from an outlying village

THE SANITY of HOLLAND

The Dutch Elections Indicate a Desire for Sobriety in Politics

By ROY ELSTON

The Dutch have just had elections for the new Second Chamber, equivalent to our Lower House. The most remarkable feature of the elections has been the number of candidates, over six hundred for a total of one hundred seats, representing practically half as many political parties as there are seats in the Chamber. Little wonder that notices were prominently displayed in the booths to the effect that if a voting paper were spoiled a new one would be given in its place. It might be thought that this confusion of parties and multiplicity of titles are the outcome of tense political feeling.

Not at all. The steady Dutchman is not given to tenseness; much less in politics. It is merely that he is fond of exaggerating his independence of spirit, and fixes a label to it. In the result of over fifty parties, only eight returned more than one member, and only three—the Roman Catholic State Party, the Social Democrats, and the Anti-Revolutionists—more than ten.

Almost the full hundred per cent. of voters went to the poll; but this, again, was not a matter of political fervour. The Dutch citizen is compelled by law to vote, and is subject to heavy punishment if he evades this act of citizenship. This law undoubtedly had an influence upon the result of the elections, and maintained the proportion of the moderate Right against the extremists. Not that the extremists had much success. Extremism is not in the Dutch character.

The loss of votes by the Social Democratic Party, which was, and remains, the second strongest separate party in the House, was expected. Even Holland is feeling the reaction against orthodox socialism; and the ignominious defeat of that ideal in neighbouring Germany has had its effect here. Marxism—the word, now being used everywhere, seems to have a much more sinister ring about it than the old name of Socialism—is a fallen idol, and fallen idols are not popular in this cautious land. Besides, the serious mutiny in the Dutch Fleet last February came as a painful shock to Holland, and damaged considerably the prestige of the Left-leaning De Geer Ministry equally with the chances, in the forthcoming election, of the Social Democrats.

There is, however, little chance of reactionary Nationalism in Holland. Its representatives polled only a miserable handful of votes. The result of the election has been, rather, a sober acceptance by the Dutch people of sane conservatism, as represented by the strongest political figure in Holland to-day, Doctor H. Colijn, Leader of the Anti-Revolutionists, a former Minister of Finance and Dutch representative at Geneva, and a vigorous opponent of political experimentalism. Doctor Colijn's party has fourteen seats—a gain of two—in the new Chamber, against the Social Democratic Party's twenty-two, and the Roman Catholics' twenty-eight, each a loss of two seats. The new cabinet under Dr. Colijn which was announced from the Hague towards the end of last month includes members of five parties. Dr. Colijn himself also takes the portfolio of Minister of the Colonies.

It can hardly be said that the cast-off De Geer Government has left a heritage of unsolved problems. On the whole, it has worked quietly and well in the sober interests of the country during its four years in office, preserving the gulden against serious damage, completing the gigantic dyking of the Zuyder Zee, supporting the farmers in the hardest struggle of their career, and arranging international, commercial, and customs agreements of the utmost importance to the economic life of Holland. "Scarcely a man in Holland," said one of the old Government's bitterest critics, "who will not shed at least one tear at the passing of the De Geer Ministry." Any government which runs its allotted term in this period of crises and alarums deserves respect.

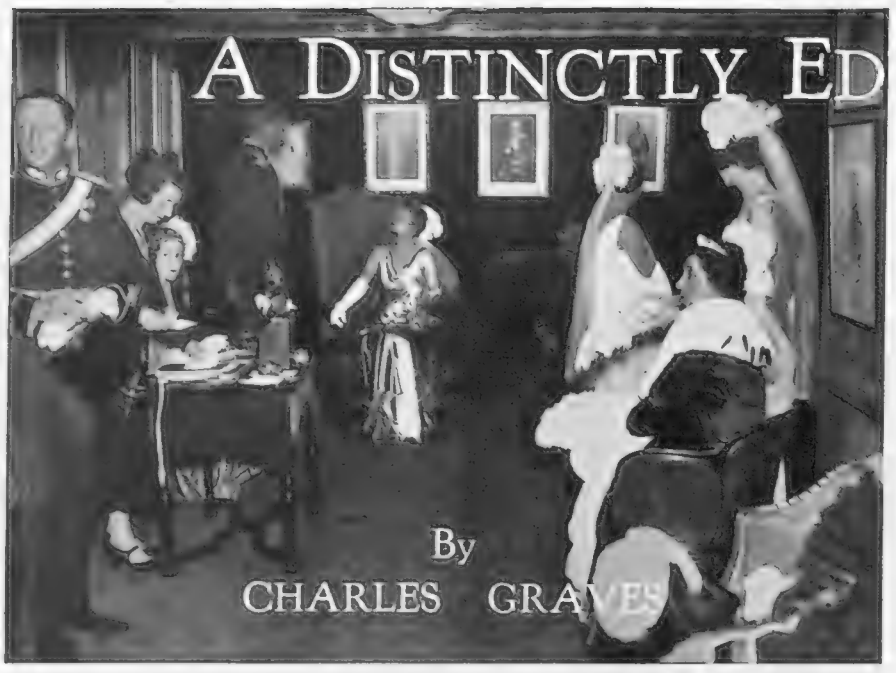
A matter of great interest, which should rapidly come to the fore now that a Colijn Ministry has been formed, is the resumption of the Zuyder Zee Reclamation Scheme. Colijn was a fierce critic of the Government's decision to suspend work, and all along has supported the resumption of the work, in spite of financial difficulties, as one solution of the unemployment problem, and against the time, in which he fervently believes, when Dutch agriculture will regain its old position and the need of new arable land be as critical as it was when the original scheme was put forward. If work is resumed, it will certainly mean the absorption of a great many unemployed and a big step forward in the solution of one of the new Government's hardest problems.

SPECIAL SUMMER SEASON SECTION OF THE SPHERE

The following section of "The Sphere" deals with the many aspects of the London Season which are bidding fair to make it one of the most brilliant and successful of the post-War years. With the coming of leading world figures to the Economic Conference and a distinct revival in public confidence London promises to be one of the brightest of the world's capitals during the next two months

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose (first and third to the left of the Duke) watching the Tournament at Olympia with their young friends

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIAL AT THE TOWER: The ceremony of the handing over of the keys of the Tower of London to Lord Milne during his installation as the new Constable. The Lord Chamberlain and the Resident Governor of the Tower officiated, while an escort was provided by the Scots Guards and the Yeomen Warders



IN THE EDWARDIAN MANNER: Chaperones and debutantes of 1933 waiting to be photographed after attending one of the Season's Royal Courts

A DISTINCTLY EDWARDIAN SEASON

Clothes, Chaperones, and Manners in the Style of Twenty-five Years Ago Proclaim the 1933 Season Very Different from its Immediate Predecessors

Once again we have passed through the naïveté of May, and stand on the threshold of sophisticated June with a blasé July in the middle distance. We are at the height of the Season—a Season which has shown itself to the keen observer to be very different from its immediate predecessors. Ostentation is disappearing fast. Even the charming sight of the débutantes and their mammas in the Mall on their way to Court has been consigned to the limbo of Buckingham Palace courtyard. The Upper Two Thousand have come to the conclusion that there has been too much pandering to the daily gossip writer and too much desire for publicity among young people. The result is that the majority of the parties and even of the dances which have been given this Season have escaped the notice of the daily Press, which in any case is coming to the conclusion that it has been writing too much about the Upper Two Thousand.

My own feeling is that the gossip writer as such is likely to become a less and less prominent ingredient of the scheme of things and that his place will be taken by the American type of columnist who does not specialize on the supper crowds or the supper clubs. Be that as it may, the Season has been very interesting and rather confused but gay, and will continue to be gayer still. The old standards are all going by the board. The Americans are here in very small numbers, but their place is being partially taken by the French. Maurice Dekobra, who was in London the other day, was much impressed by the white ties of our men folk and the smartness of our women. Like other foreigners, he is astonished at the amount of champagne which is drunk and the general air of optimism which is evident everywhere.

Another foreigner pointed out to me that the great joy of a London Season is that our aristocracy still dines out in public, unlike that of any other nation. This Season, it is true, there is more private entertaining, and private houses like Number Sixteen Bruton Street and Sunderland House are being hired for dances by people who previously would have taken the ballroom and restaurant of an hotel. None the less, the banqueting departments of the great hotels in London can all point to a big increase in business, and when the Economic Conference begins on June 12 the turnover will be greater still. No wonder that Ramsay MacDonald's suggestion that London should be the rendezvous was immediately accepted by the other nations. Now that Hitler is in power, even Berlin must bow the head to us. There is no doubt about it, dictatorships, like bridge, are brought about by slump conditions. In England optimism, or else a determination to spend money before the income-tax collector gets at it, has produced a most cheerful note this Season. Even at auctions, prices of pictures and antiques are soaring once more.

Another sign of the times are the Edwardian fashions coming into vogue and bringing with them the Edwardian corollary of good manners. Women are trying to look attractive once more instead of merely smart. And the result is evident. You see couples and whole dinner parties taking a real interest in one another. You see smiles and admiration where last year it was lorgnettes and boredom.

I said just now that the Americans are here in smaller numbers—but what Americans! At last, in return for importing our Clive Brooks, Charlie Chaplins, and Roland Youngs, America is exporting to us a whole flood of lovely film stars—Bebe Daniels, Polly Walker, Jeannette Macdonald, Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers (and shortly Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich). The May Fair at luncheon time looks like the Brown Derby in Hollywood. And there are more to come. Most of them, it is true, are working too hard to have much effect on the decorativeness of the London Season. But I am looking forward to seeing the paddock at Ascot simply dizzy with head-liners.

So far the jig-saw puzzle craze which has America in a stranglehold has not yet reached London, and I don't think it will. This successor of backgammon, Corinthian bagatelle, and six-pack bezique is a child of the slump, and we are too cheerful now to be interested in it. In a previous issue of THE SPHERE I touched on the sudden popularity of these small mixed clubs like the Albany, the Garter, and the New Burlington. They and Nash's, Punch's, the Cutty Sark, and Cymie's, which were the pioneers, are a distinct novelty of the present Season. Young men are using the big social clubs less and are turning to the newcomers to spend their leisure time after office hours. That and the prevalence of sherry parties are probably the first things that a returned wanderer would notice.

SOCIETY STILL DINES OUT: The crowded dining and supper rooms of London's larger hotels and restaurants evidence the never-waning popularity of dining out. London remains one of the few European capitals where entertaining away from home is still a feature of the Season—a matter for constant surprise among foreign visitors

As for the Season itself, it is very seldom that an entirely new function is introduced. There are so many events which clash already. This Season, to compensate for the death of the Royal Horse Show, there will have been two—the Bath and West Show on the Kingston By-pass which has been a huge success, and the Greenwich Tattoo which is to follow the Aldershot Tattoo. It looks as though Mayfair will spend the whole week on the banks of the Thames. Let us hope it meets with the response it deserves, and that our more ambitious hostesses will take whole tug loads of guests down stream. Which brings me to another aspect of the Season—the dilemma of the social climber of 1933. Poor dears, they don't know which way to climb this Season.

Two of us dined the other night at a smart restaurant. I had lobster. She had salmon. Both of us complimented the proprietor on their excellence. He said, surprisingly, "Yes, Mr. Graves, his lordship's lobsters are very good, aren't they?" I said, "Whose lordship?" "Lord Adare, sir." She said, "The salmon is very good, too." The proprietor said, "You must tell his lordship when you see him next, madam." "Whom? Lord Adare?" "No, madam, Lord Charles Cavendish."

He withdrew. We ordered chicken and found it also excellent. A few minutes later the proprietor came over with a smile. "Do you like his lordship's chicken, sir?" "Quaglino, you are being funny." "No, indeed, Mr. Graves, we buy them from Lord Blandford." "Anything else aristocratic here besides Count Pahlen's Kummel?" "No, Mr. Graves, except the powder and cosmetics in the ladies' cloakroom from Colonel the Hon. Fred Cripps."

Well, there you are. England has always astonished the foreigner. Now she astonishes even us. The redistribution of wealth has resulted in peers trying to become shopkeepers with almost more zeal than shopkeepers are trying to become peers. Nor is it just a matter of impoverished ladies trying to start dressmaking establishments on a basis of badgering their friends to become their clients. That is old stuff and worn out. This Season they have become caterers, purveyors—tradesmen in fact.

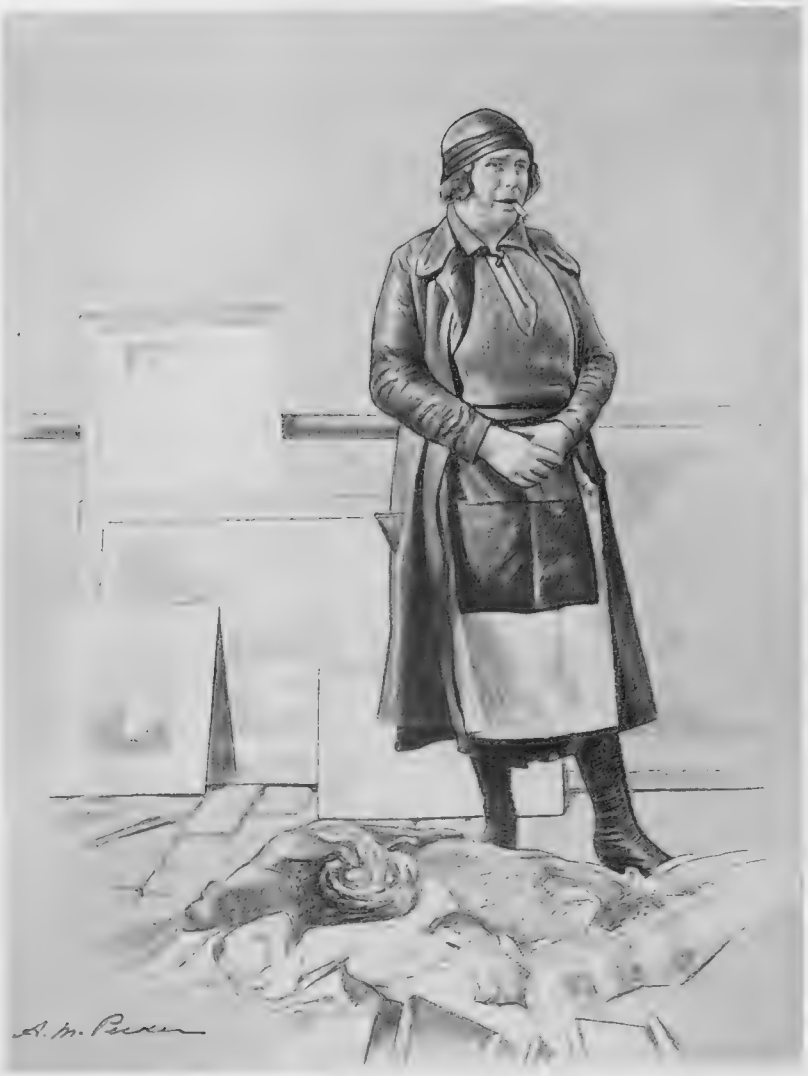
The evening we dined at this restaurant we went on and had supper with a number of film stars and Miss Beatrice Lillie. It occurred to me how much some notable lovelies would like to exchange places with them and how much they would like to have her title and position. Miss Lillie, of course, is in the enviable position of being the wife of a baronet as well as a star.

But where does all this lead to? It leads, I repeat, to the situation that this year social climbers do not know where to climb. They find that the people with titles whom they were longing to meet have started up little shops just round the corner from their own big business offices. So they meet them anyway, and lose all the thrill of the arduous climb upwards. There is no longer the enjoyment of being able to say to their friends whom they wish to impress, "We met dear Lord Portmadoc last night. Isn't he a nice boy?" For the chances are that Lord Portmadoc takes orders for the hand-made shoes of their friends as well, and had been only too delighted to meet them when he had at last secured the necessary introduction.

To be personal for a moment, the best dances so far have been given by Lady Cavan and Lady

(Continued on p. 417)

AT THE DÉBUTANTES' BALL: Prince George among the guests at one of the events of the London Season



"THE CALEDONIAN MARKET"

The seller of pictures, books, and junk. An impression from the famous market

"AN OLD PERFORMER"

He trod the boards in the heyday of the music-hall. Now the pavement is his stage

SOME LONDON STREET TYPES

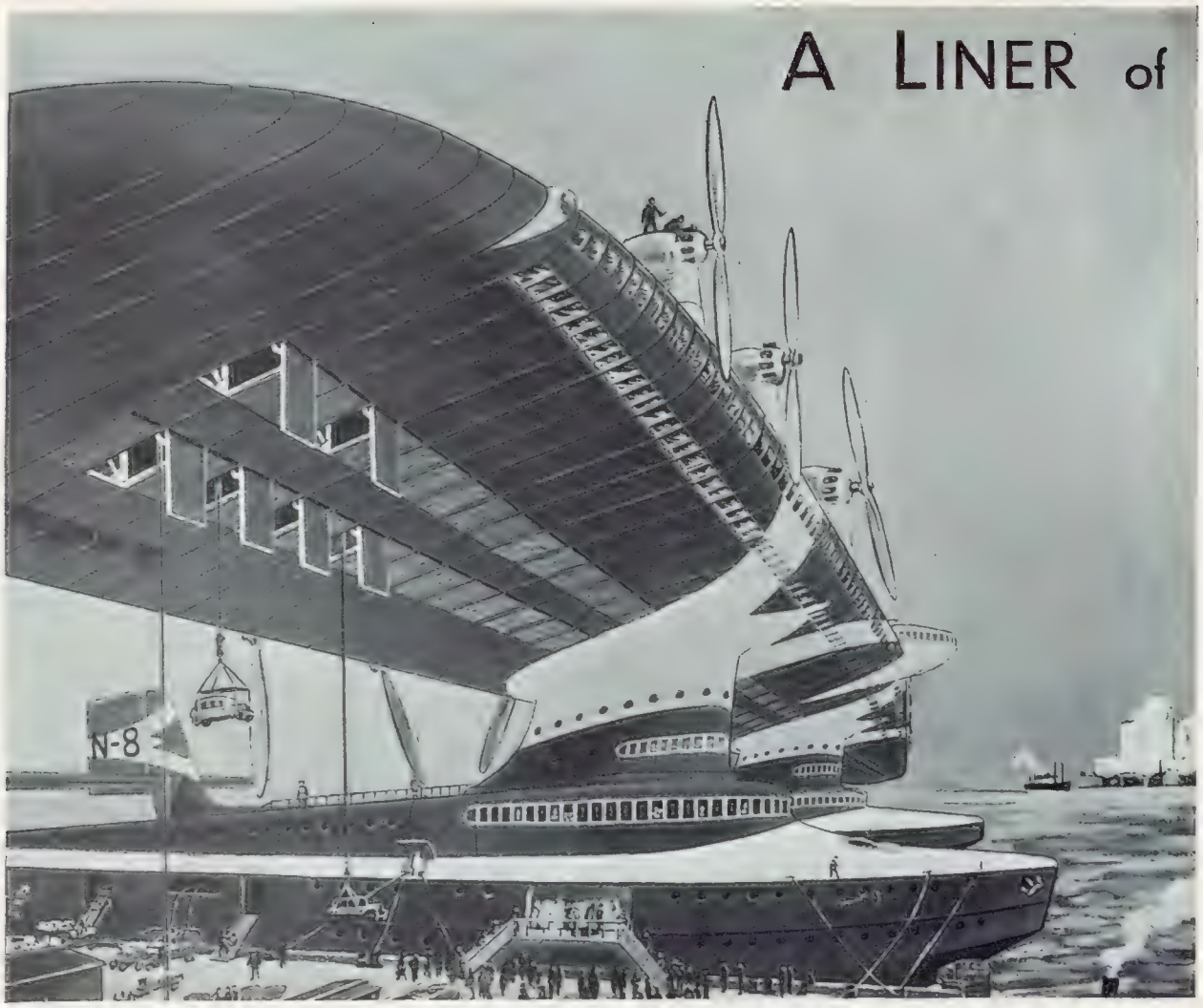
Left—"THE CURIO HUNTER"
—The man with a nose for the artistic

Right—"THE SANDWICH MAN"
—Eking out a precarious livelihood

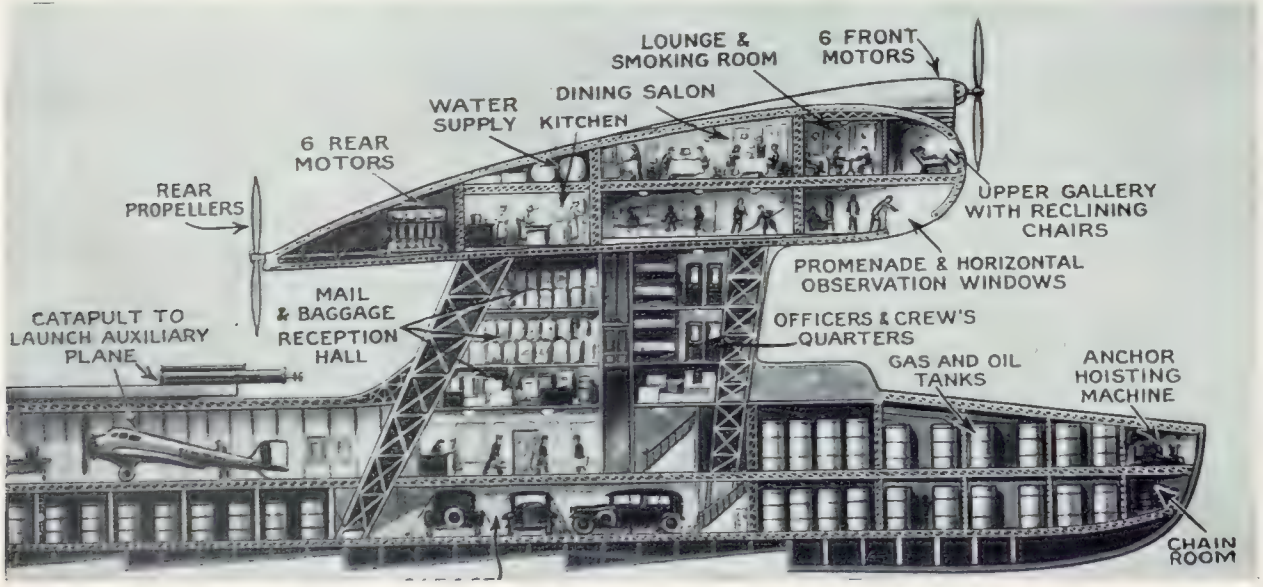
SPECIALLY DRAWN BY A. M. PECKER

A LINER of the FUTURE

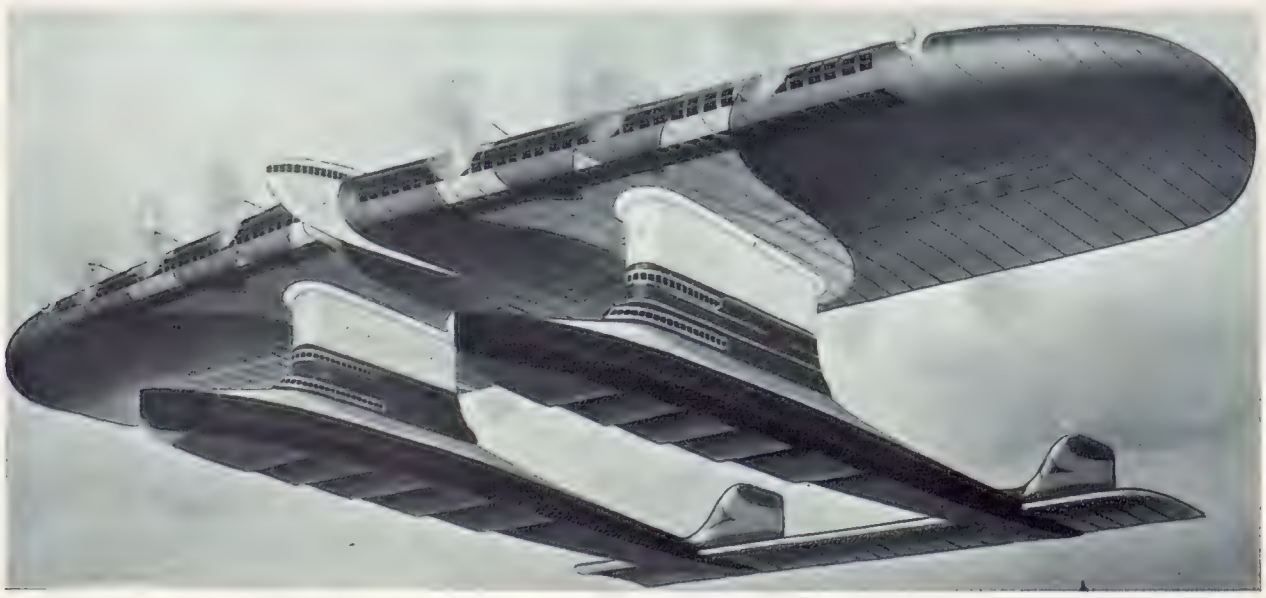
A Transatlantic 'Plane Planned to Carry 1,500 Passengers



THE *BERENGARIA* OF THE AIR: An artist's impression of ocean transport as it will be when giant aircraft many times the size of the *Do. X.* can ensure the rapid and safe transit of passengers and goods. The wing span of this liner is 600 ft.



CROSS-SECTION OF THE AIR LINER: How the space in the wings and fuselage is allotted to passengers, crew, cargo, and fuel tanks. The passengers are kept as far away as possible from the tanks



IN FLIGHT: An impression of the liner winging its way across the Atlantic. The twin hulls sustaining the vessel while floating in the water are entirely free of struts or other obstacles liable to create wind resistance. The lower portions house the fuel tanks which are specially protected in case of fire

As time goes on, it is certain that the size of airplanes will increase by leaps and bounds. Indeed, it is difficult to foresee the limit of either the size or capabilities of the future heavier-than-air machine.

To-day, the Germans are contemplating a trans-oceanic air liner which will be constructed by the well-known Rumpler Company. This particular flying boat is somewhat along the lines of the ship shown in our illustrations, although less gigantic. The Rumpler machine will have a span of 88 metres (288 ft.) and will be able to carry 170 passengers and a crew of 35. In addition to this, it will be able to carry 13,000 pounds of mail and freight. The machine, as projected by the German engineers, will have ten motors, each of 1,000 h.p.

Some of the figures of this new giant of the air are interesting. The total weight will be 180,000 kilograms or 166 avoirdupois tons; carrying capacity, 72 tons; weight of passengers and pay load, 20 tons. Speed, 300 kilometres (187 miles) per hour. Wing spread, 88 metres (288 ft.). Length, 49 metres (160 ft.).

At this rate the route from Berlin to New York can be covered in roughly seventeen hours.

Great as this projected liner is, there is no reason to prevent building machines even larger. Our illustrations show such a machine which will, roughly, be ten times as large as the Rumpler craft and to which have also been added a number of other features. This machine will come out somewhat as follows:—Wing span, 600 ft.; length over all, 335 ft.; total lift, 1,600 tons; fuel and pay load, 450 tons; passengers, 1,500; h.p., 100,000.

In this giant machine there have been provided twelve independent engines, each driving a 50-ft. propeller. All engines are operated as a unit, and a unit of the crew is in charge of each motor, just as in a transatlantic steamship.

As in the Rumpler machine, the projected smaller flying boat, all the fuel is located in the twin boats of the liner. These boats contain only fuel, while passengers and freight are stowed in the wing space; the reason for this arrangement is to get the inflammable fluid as far away from the passengers and crew as possible. All sorts of safety arrangements are provided to flood fuel compartments with chemicals immediately in case of fire. The fuel itself is pumped by pipe lines into the engine room, just as in ocean liners to-day.

The conveniences for the passengers will be worked out the same as in any of our luxurious ocean liners. While there will be no open decks, and indeed no open-air space, there will be sufficient ventilation at all times, due to a number of openings located between the wings. There will be sufficient room for passengers walking between the hulls and they will get a perfect view by looking through the heavy plate-glass windows located in front of the wings and in the bottom of the wings forward. Similar arrangements will be located in the rear, where there will be a regular promenade which will also be entirely enclosed. The reason for this is the tremendous air currents generated by the excessive speed of the ship.

Flying liners of this type will make regular crossings at least once a day, and, if the public begins to get accustomed to the idea, they will flock to the air liner as avidly as they are flocking to the ocean liners now. Indeed, the passenger traffic should become much heavier.

GREY HATS AT THE DERBY

THE ROYAL PARTY: The King and Queen with the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and the Princess Royal in the Royal Box at Epsom

LADY WARRENDER and Sir B. Beauchamp striding down the course between races

VENI, VIDI, VICI: Miss Sybil Cavendish, Lady Moira Cavendish, and Lord Astor congratulating Lord Derby on his success

THE GREY HAT: Mrs. John Player seen in the paddock before the big race

FEMININE FASHIONS IN THE PADDOCK: Mrs. Phillip Dunne and Mrs. Forster in laughing mood

THREE MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT: Lady Joan Hope, Lady Mary Hope, and Lady Anne Hope

LONDO
By NIGH

A Record of Derb Week, 1933

Camera Impressions by Supersensitive Plates

NIGHT TURNED TO DAY

A typical summer evening scene outside one of London's most popular cinemas

AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE

GARTER CLUB CELEBRATIONS: Miss Prudence Cohen and Mr. Sidney Villar at London's new club

THE CHINESE MINISTER and his wife leaving Grosvenor House on Derby Night

MISS BATLIVALA and Lady Marguerite Bligh at the Dorchester

DERBY NIGHT AT THE MAYFAIR: Miss Burne, the well-known film star Mr. Tony O'Brien

TAXI TIME AT THE GAIETY

Where Delysia is charming London audiences in *Mother of Pearl*

THE HERO OF THE HOUR

Messrs. Jones, Perryman and S. Donoghue with T. Weston, Hyperion's jockey, at the Piccadilly Hotel

Sir H sup

NDON NIGHT

rd of Derby
ek, 1933

Impressions by
ensitive Plates

THE MAYFAIR: Miss Nancy well-known film star, with r. Tony O'Brien

A GALAXY OF COLOUR

A fashionably-dressed audience leaving the St. James's Theatre after a performance of *The Late Christopher Bean*

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS

AT THE HORSESHOE-BALL: Some of the many visitors to the Dorchester on Derby Night

THE NIGHT PAGEANT OF THE LONDON SEASON: Theatre goers at the Savoy Hotel entrance, London's hotel of foreign renown and a great social supper centre

n T. Weston, Hotel

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley sup in Coventry Street

THE NEWLYWEDS AT THE CAFE DE PARIS

Leaving the fashionable restaurant of St. James's

BEAUTY AND FASHION AT QUAGLINO'S

1913: Silks and lace of pre-War days

1920: Capes and ankles prominent

1927: Short-skirted simplicity

1930: The frills of the ankle-length skirt

ASCOT—THE GLASS of FASHION

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

Queens may start nurseries, public or personal, and be certain of acclaim. They may open exhibitions, inaugurate academies or open wax-works with equal decorum. But it is a little steep for a queen to start a racecourse. And by that, I mean not to patronize the opening of the meeting but actually to pick the course and give the orders. In fact, I can think of only one queen who has done so. It was Anne.

It could be no one else—except, perhaps, Elizabeth. None but such High Tories had the spirit. But Elizabeth was too busy pulling Philip's tail. She preferred privateers to the progeny of Polemarch. Buccaneers meant more to her than a possible Beeswing.

But Anne, with that gay Stuart strain, could not look on a piece of turf without thinking of a horse. Which accounts for Ascot. You know the story, of course.

The grass was green, the year was young, the birches stood like silver sentinels on the edge of the heath, the sun shone, and the whole of the Royal Manor of Windsor smelled of wet, springing grass after rain.

And Anne, in a three-cornered hat with feathers, in a lovely velvet riding habit, with a Carolean sparkle in her eye, rode out from the fringe of birches. Her eyes swept the green rides of turf that surged in a long sweep down the hill and up again. "This," said the Queen, "would make a first-class course. Look to it, My Lords." And they looked to it.

The result to-day is the Royal racecourse of Ascot, the Royal Enclosure, the Viscount Churchill, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Gordon Carter, the £250,000 Tote, stake and prize money worth more than £65,000, a totalizator turnover last year of about £300,000 — and all the other decorations which mean this most attractive racecourse. And, remember, it all takes place in one week only of the whole year. In that week last year they took more than £260,000 in gate money alone.

But that, I think, is a gross and commercial view of Ascot. I like to think of Ascot as a place of green and pleasant pastures, of almost-forgotten pomps, of popping corks and not so-very-long-priced winners. It costs a lot—a sovereign a day for the paddock, two more sovereigns for the Grand Stand and Tattersalls, another sovereign to park a car, and at least 12s. 6d. for any lunch worth having. But the sun shines; the frocks are sheer, shimmering loveliness; some of the women are adorable and the rest you forgive; the horses are the best of their year, and the going is as good as Anne guessed it to be.

I like to think of Anne, in her plumed hat and velvet riding dress—or was she in sheer silk and regal mien?—when she attended that first meeting on August the 11th, in 1711, with her lords and ladies about her and Master Tregonwell Frampton, "The Master of the Running Horses," with his heavy face, his plush and satin, ring-letted and brocaded. Anne gave a plate worth 50 guineas. It was the first Royal plate to be given at this most Royal meeting and it was won very properly by a horse owned by a man of Royal blood — even if on the sinister side of the blanket. The owner was the first Duke of St. Albans, and the horse was The Doctor.

They must have had a jolly meeting. Think of those declining days, shot through like a tapestry with the last dying viciousness of Stuart *élan*. They knew their life and lived it. Their values were false, but their fun was great. The suet-pudding shadow of Hanoverian pomposity had not yet fallen across the face of an England that was still green and young. They diced and drank. And when they returned in the evening splendour of an August sunset through the sweet gorse of Sunningdale Common, highwaymen held them at pistol point and cleaned them of their guineas. Do you not agree, a proper ending to a good day's racing?

Ascot has seen its ups and downs since then. It was not always the impeccable pageant of sartorial finality. It had its rackety days. I like to think, for example, of that eighteenth-century lady of fashion who betted £5,000 that she would ride 100 miles in ten hours! And I like still better to think of her leering spouse who, with a proper Corinthian pride in the prowess of his bedfellow, opened a privy book and laid another £5,000 that she would eat a leg of lamb and drink a couple of bottles of claret. I believe they both won their bets. A proper age in which to be born!

But the beginning of the nineteenth century saw the death of such bravenesses. High living and high spirits gave way to low life and German unimaginativeness. They even started a "Duller Ascot Movement." A minor bureaucrat was appointed, with Whitehall powers," to destroy such dogs as are brought on the course." Betting proceeded in the good old-fashioned way, but welshers had an intolerant time of it. Pause for a moment, when next you visit an oiled gentleman in Cork Street, and think of the fellow who had his pigtail cut off, his breeches opened up with a knife, and he himself thrown into Englemere Pond. They fished him out, put a halter round his neck and marched him past the Grand Stand. After that they kicked him off the course. This was regarded as tempered justice.

1930, THE YEAR OF THE DELUGE: When the glory of Ascot was marred by a tropical cloudburst

Then, of course, there was that epochal day when a drunken sailor threw a brick at a venture and struck King William the Fourth on the head. Or, if you like it better, there was the artful fellow who picked the pockets of George the Third and stole his watch. Either or both of those excellent events contributed directly to the establishment of the Ascot private police court. I believe it is the only one of its kind. It sits four days a year. Can one conceive a greater magnificence than to depart to Dartmoor viâ the Ascot Bench?

According to Charles Greville, the trustworthy chronicler, William the Fourth was not a good racegoer. Indeed he arrived at the head of a great procession "quite uninterested, not to say bored," while his grooms were "drunk every day." The only sober one was killed on the way back. This may have been a crime or a protest.

They say that the Derby provides the winner of the Gold Cup. It has happened a good many times. There was Bizarre, 1824–5; Touchstone, 1836–7; Fisherman, 1858–9; Isonomy, 1879–80; and Prince Palatine, 1912–13.

The year 1907 was the worst of all. The White Knight and Eider, a French horse, dead-heated for the first place. Then somebody lodged an objection against Eider for boring and bumping. Then they had lunch. After that the Gold Cup was stolen. No one saw it go and it has never been seen since. On the whole a raw day.

Somewhere at home I have a plate, worn in 1881 by that great horse, Robert the Devil who, when a yearling, was partly trained at Red Barn, one of our farms at home at Wicken, near Newmarket. He was half-owned by my uncle, the late Isaac Aspland Aspland. The other half, front or back, was owned by Joe Blanton. But my uncle, who thought he knew a horse, was so disgusted with this ugly, leggy colt, which had a hoof in four counties and looked, as he said, "like a clothes horse," that he sold his share for 300 guineas.

Three years later, Robert the Devil had won practically every race open to him and lost the Derby on the post by half a head to Archer on Bend Or. A fortune on four legs went for the price of a good hunter.

That was a close enough finish. But more remarkable was when Filbert won the Fourth Triennial Stakes. There were four starters of which Lord John Scott's The Reiver and Mr. Gratwick's Sittingbourne were much fancied.

The flag dropped, the two favourites went up on their hind legs and fought each other like demons, biting, snorting, and kicking — and Filbert ran away with the race.

But even more dramatic is the fact that that finish put the greatest bookmaker of all time on his legs again. "Leviathan" Davis, the man who betted in tens of thousands, went to that Ascot with only £200 in the world. He had just lost £50,000 over West Australian's Derby. He had fallen down on the Oaks, and during the week his clerks had paid out £70,000 to small bettors alone. More than £250,000 had said good-bye for ever.

But Filbert changed his luck. He finished that Ascot more than £12,000 to the good.

You may think of the great "Leviathan" and ponder on these things when Ascot opens next week—young and shining, the last reminder left of the England that once was green and gracious.

THE CHARM OF BLACK CHIFFON: An exquisite evening gown by Ronald Morrel. The frock is moulded to the figure in a new spiral effect and flows from the knees in billows of chiffon. This effect is obtained by a taffeta slip cut on most intricate lines

MISS JOAN MAUDE, who plays a leading part in the late John Galsworthy's play, *Strife*, at the Little Theatre

VISIONS of Feminine CHARM

MISS TULLOCH, one of the youngest and prettiest of the foreign mannequins in Paris, displays to advantage a neat "cocktail dress" by Mainbocher. *On right*—ROBE DU SOIR: In crêpe de chine set off with ciré ribbon

MRS. PHILIP ASTLEY, better known as Madeleine Carroll, who plays a leading rôle in *I Was a Spy*, the spectacular British Gaumont film now in production

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WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

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THE 1933 SEASON

Described By CHARLES GRAVES

(*Continued from Page 408*)

MISS PRIMROSE SALT: A famous debutante of 1933

Howard de Walden. The most successful debutantes—if success is measured by the numbers of young men who ask them to dance "missing five" are Lady Romaine Cecil, Lady Barbara Lindsay (the latest of the seemingly endless procession of Crawford girls), Lady Joan Hope (yet another daughter of the house of Linlithgow), and Miss Jean Innes-Kerr.

The young men, however, are fewer and more far between than ever, with the result that each of those on the Dance List is invited to at least half-a-dozen different dinner parties before every dance. The dinner-party-for-the-dance has become one of the curses of the current Season. Dinner party hostesses think that by giving them they can guarantee partners all the evening for their gawky daughters. Having at last secured them, and maybe two extra ones, they ring up the actual giver of the dance and ask if they can bring the extra guests. This sort of legalized gate-crashing results in a hostess finding 800 guests instead of the 500 she expected. Which makes everything very crowded and uncomfortable at first, but does not prevent the dance petering out dismally by one a.m. or so. For while it would take a Black Maria to remove the average debutante, the young men soon tire of the evening's entertainment and go off to the Florida or somewhere like that to restore their jaded tissues. For debutante dances, always artificial and very youthful, have become even more so this Season. In the past three or four years hostesses had been leavening the dough of red-handed, white-frocked debutantes with the yeast of smart young marrieds to lure the young bachelors. This proved far too successful, however—for the young marrieds. So this year they have gone back to the most Edwardian regime. I have never seen so many chaperones. Their sharp knees stick out in every doorway. This Hitlerite reaction of this Season's mothers is another sign of confused thinking. They develop chaperonage to its highest point just at the moment when it is least needed—at a private dance.

Meantime, the marriage market being what it is, fewer and fewer girls find husbands before they are twenty or twenty-one. This is shown easily enough by the ever-mounting number of ex-debutantes who apply to be maids-in-waiting at the Queen Charlotte Ball. Meantime, too, there is a record number of debutantes this year. There will have been five Courts this year. The time may come when we will have six or seven. Best of all would be an official autumn Season with a Court in November. This would do a great deal to lessen the clashes of so many of the principal events of the Season.

Looking at the specific fixtures still ahead of us, we have the knowledge that Helen Wills and Magrath will both crowd the Centre Court. The Tote will, after all, be working at Ascot, and the lovely sunshine and (from the point of view of the clerk of course) the still more lovely thunder showers will have got the turf in perfect condition. The Royal Tournament and the Royal Richmond Horse Show are drawing the crowds this minute. There is still one more Court.

One's chief impression of the Season so far has been that a kind of social inflation has been in progress. Last year people were rather panicky about the possibility of a general collapse of the Capitalist system. This fear has now been allayed, and hostesses who drew in their horns in the Season of 1932 have been pushing them out again this year—but without any of the "lowing" (if I am not mixing a metaphor) of the past. Beer and sausage parties, bottle parties, and other concomitants of depression have gone out completely. People are enjoying themselves in a more fastidious and orderly way than they have done for many years.

Altogether it has become in every way—clothes, chaperones, and manners—a distinctly Edwardian Season.

A ROOF GARDEN PARTY: Society and racing folk at Lord Decies' buffet luncheon on the roof of his Orchard Court flat

IN AN ABSORBING MOOD: Miss Phyllis Stanley seen in a delightful ensemble at Lord Decies' roof luncheon

ROSALIND WADE'S PICCADILLY SIX: The successful combination appearing in *Playtime* at the Piccadilly Hotel, where they have scored a considerable hit during the past few weeks

REVELS IN RHYTHM: Wilson and Keppel who, with their partner Betty, are proving a great attraction in the Cochran supper time show at the Trocadero

AT ROMANO'S: The Sidell Sisters, the French novelty dancers, who are delighting visitors to the well-known Strand restaurant

THE BALLET SEASON AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: Two dancers who will entertain in the forthcoming Ballet Jooss

MAURICE DEKOBRA IN LONDON: The distinguished French author of the *Madonna of the Sleeping Cars* seen in Hyde Park

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

"Unfinished Adventure"—A Readable Book Marred by Prejudices: Lord Riddell's "War Diary"—A Day by Day Record from a Man at the Head of Affairs: "Tricolour"—An Excellent Novel of the French Revolution

MISS EVELYN SHARP: The author of *Unfinished Adventure*, published by John Lane, the Bodley Head. From a drawing by Sir William Rothenstein

Fame is a capricious jade. She will touch the brow of a mortal for some odd act and will ignore the lifelong distinction of the more worthy. I did not know, for instance, that such a person as Evelyn Sharp existed, nor what she had achieved, nor in what sphere she worked or had influence. Now, when I read her book, *Unfinished Adventure* (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), I find that I have encountered her personally on many occasions and that she has behind her a life of distinguished service to the causes she holds dear. Miss Sharp warns us that these are only selected reminiscences. They are written simply, honestly, with no fanciful trimmings. They cover a large part of the earth, exhibit a continuous and stimulating curiosity, and reveal much personal courage and a nature of extreme sensibility and kindness. I picked up the book expecting to be bored, and I found I could not put it down, so interesting is the narrative of this woman's life and work for humanity. I agree with scarcely any of Miss Sharp's views. I suspect her of being a Communist; she is infected with that curious enthusiasm for every race except her own, and believes that man is a logical animal who can be reasoned into goodness. As is usual with such people, she has a delightful way of ignoring contradictory facts and of indulging in self-deception. She relates, for instance, harrowing stories, all told by Germans, of their starvation immediately after the War. On her return to London she noticed that, in comparison with the German children, our own were well nourished. "But, of course, that was before unemployment gripped our people."

Does Miss Sharp seriously suggest that British children are thinner than in 1920 because of unemployment? For myself, I have always noticed that British children, in comparison with Continental children, are scraggy. It is our breed. On the whole we are a spindle-legged people, and most of our children are birdlike. Then, again, Miss Sharp is a little unfair to the Press. With reference to our occupation of Cologne, after the march to the Rhine and the hunger of the inhabitants, she says: "H. W. Nevinson, the first correspondent to break through the conspiracy of silence in the Press, went into the homes and back streets of Cologne directly he arrived there with our army." That is true, but it happens that H. W. N. was accompanied by Philip Gibbs and myself, and we all sent home candid reports which were published in our respective papers. Indignation with the blockade we all shared, but the Press was not the guilty party in this case.

Miss Sharp's Labourish prejudices apart, she is a fearless and capable observer. She opens her story with a quiet reconstruction of Victorian life as she experienced it. There was a strong strain in her family. Her brother was Cecil Sharp, who made his own mark, and the sister, Evelyn, struck boldly out for herself, rejecting the seclusion of a comfortable home. She was early in the suffrage movement and went to prison twice in her zeal. An incessant traveller, she possessed a personality which carried her into an interesting and varied circle. She was soon a member of the Bodley Head group, in the *Yellow Book* Nineties, and draws delightful portraits of many who set the pace in those heady days. Among her friends she encountered early "Henry W. Nevinson, generally on his way to or from a war," the best description I have ever read of our gallant Paladin of the Press. Paris in 1890, with a glimpse of Renan, Pasteur, and Gounod; Henry Harland, Kenneth Grahame; Locke, Beerbohm, and Watson, Thomas Hardy in Dorchester—all these pass in review. Many of the places of her wandering are familiar to me. I, too, remember with fondness the little town of Kolding, in Denmark, and the flowers left on our yacht "from the ladies of Kolding with kind wishes to England," and the coast above Zoagli, and the song of the pile drivers at Venice. The events of 1933 have sadly contradicted all Miss Sharp's hopes and beliefs regarding Germany as a country imbued with the pacific spirit, though she makes the point that we have driven Germany to revolt by post-War harshness. She accepts the naïve statement of a student: "I think we Germans do not hate our enemies when the war is over as the French and English do." Alas, and alas! Miss Sharp went through the reign of Black and Tan terror in Ireland. Here again her enthusiasm for the other side scarcely does justice to the difficulties the British officials encountered, but it is indeed a horrible story she tells. "Fear, and the absence of the usual restraints upon conduct, might account for the behaviour of those of the less scrupulous Black and Tans who set the standard for the rest."

With characteristic courage Miss Sharp volunteered to go to Russia in 1922 to work for the Friends' Relief Committee. Again I find we crossed paths in the palace of Princess Radziwill in Warsaw, where medieval grandeur still reigns despite the vicissitudes of Polish life. I do not think the British people ever realized the full horror of the famine down the Volga Basin, at its worst east of Kazan and Buzuluk. In this vivid and terrible story Miss Sharp is sustained by her philosophy. "Plague, pestilence, and famine bring miseries enough in their train, but, unlike the miseries that men heap upon one another, they increase rather than diminish the sum of human kindness."

At the close of the book Miss Sharp gives her experience of the French occupation of the Ruhr. There is a noble last chapter in which she summarizes her outlook after a life of unselfish service for mankind. "Imperfect traveller as I am, I need but little courage for this next adventure. For when I cast off for my new voyage I shall not sail alone." I believe that voyage has begun under the name of Mrs. Nevinson. There is not a page too many in this long, engrossing record.

Lord Riddell has published his *War Diary* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s.). A few weeks ago, in a discussion in a London club, a tentative list was made of the most interesting diaries of the War that were still unpublished. The list was headed by Lloyd George's memoirs. I created some surprise by placing second Lord Riddell's diary. Some years ago I had heard of the existence of this book, and if I had been a publisher I should have made every endeavour to get it. It is singular that this book should appear just in advance of Mr. Lloyd George's. One certainly supplements the other; for Sir George Riddell, as he then was, during the War years was the confidant of Lloyd George. He handled for him, with the greatest ability, the Press side, particularly during the Peace Conference, and I never heard a single editor or journalist who had anything but praise for the tact and exceptional ability with which Lord Riddell performed his task. Lord Riddell kept his diary conscientiously. Among the most interesting things he has to relate, and there is not a dull page in the whole of this detailed intimate record of four years' incessant activity, are the discussions which took place, often at the diarist's house in Queen Anne's Gate, between the statesmen in charge of the War. Naturally Mr. Lloyd George figures prominently in all these records, and a really human and intimate portrait of a mercurial character emerges.

We see the breakdown of strong men in these days of severe trial, and the wonderful temper of the British people emerges. There was a day when Bonar Law declared, in the closing weeks of the War, that he could carry on no longer. "B. L. (the tears coursing down his cheeks): It is useless to conceal that I am nearly at the end of my tether. I do my work from day to day because I have certain powers of endurance, but they are growing less and less. You can see the condition I am in. If it were not so I should not give way like this. Ever since the death of my sons I have gradually been growing worse and worse." There are revealing glimpses of Churchill, his foresight, truculence, courage, and his love of opulence. There is Lloyd George on Foch. "He went on building up his reserves, and did not attack until he was quite prepared. His power of restraint will become historic. He will rank among the great commanders of the world. He hit at the right time."

There is Churchill's reply to Riddell's question: "Do you think Asquith has been weak in the conduct of the War?" This was at the time of the shell scandal. The answer was not hesitating—"Terribly weak, supinely weak! His weakness will be the death of him." Mr. Lloyd George emerges at his best from this engrossing book. His wit matches his shrewdness. "Now that Northcliffe has deserted me," he said one morning, "I shall have to depend on the Dukes. An alliance with Northcliffe is something like going for a walk with a grasshopper." Lord Riddell, like many people, at first regarded the Battle of Jutland as a severe reverse owing to the Admiralty's appalling bungle in handling its despatch. Another view comes later, when Lord Riddell asked Churchill whether he thought Jutland a success. "Yes," he answered, "it was a brilliant affair, worthy of the best traditions of the Navy. The public do not understand naval warfare. They criticize naval losses more severely than military losses. The loss of a ship is regarded as a crime." Churchill was smarting then from his treatment by Asquith. "I shall write to earn my living, and I shall go on painting," he declared in July, 1916. A playful and mischievous Lloyd George emerges from time to time. He would answer the telephone and use a mimic voice. He went to the Lord Mayor's banquet, in Armistice week, and nearly suffered defeat. "A terrible tragedy nearly took place this evening. Look at my uniform! I have not had it on for nearly five years. The collar is an inch too narrow. But there was a greater danger down below. The breeches nearly gave way. What a catastrophe it would have been!"

Breeches again come on to the same page of the diary. Says Mr. Lloyd George to Lord Riddell, "The Versailles Conference was a great strain. I had to run it. I was chiefly responsible for the Austrian terms. When they were read to Clemenceau the old boy remarked, 'There is only one thing omitted. You have not demanded the Emperor's breeches!'"

I have quoted enough to show that this is no pompous diary. It is the day by day record of a man who stood at the very heart of affairs, whose shrewd judgment was respected, and who was in close relations with the most dominant man in the Empire. There are some excellent illustrations; but where is the Orpen portrait of Lord Riddell? I feel a special interest in this. The fact that I attended the dinner at the Savoy at which Lord Riddell was the recipient of this portrait from his Press colleagues resulted in events that affected and changed the course of my life. I would exchange the diaries of Foch, French, Asquith, and Joffre for this illuminating, candid, and shrewd diary of the four critical years in modern history. The book is original in yet another sense. It has not been sold for a prodigious sum. The proceeds go to the Newspaper Press Fund. If this book wins the public it richly deserves, the fund will benefit very handsomely.

Here is an excellent novel of the French Revolution—*Tricolour*, by Dora Barford (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). It is the story of one Philippe who flees from his creditors in London and finds himself embroiled in the French Revolution. He becomes a prisoner in the Bastille and is released by its fall. There is a brilliant portrait of the governor, De Launay, and the historical background is excellently done with the chief characters of the novel in high relief. It is dashing and gallant, conventional in treatment, but of its kind quite an excellent entertainment by one who mingles the methods of Stevenson and D'Orczy.

What is the truth about Russia? I think more of it emerges in *Russian Roundabout*, by Archibald Lyall (Desmond Harmsworth. 6s.), than any other book I have read. The author has no bee in his bonnet, and looks with clear eyes at both good and bad. He is humorous and tolerant in his attitude towards the ecstatic pilgrims who merely travel to be confirmed in their misconceptions. "Our friends don't go to Russia to try and find out the truth. They go to Russia on a pilgrimage as other men go to Rome or Mecca or Jerusalem." Mr. Lyall was determined to see everything. He reports a mixed bag. He does not think the regime will be overthrown, as the G.P.U. never allow a meeting of more than five persons, and they can take away the passport of any critic, which means starvation. I strongly recommend this book to students of the new Russia.

SUMMER SEASON JOYS

Out of Doors

THE JAVELIN DANCE: Miss Nancy Sherwood, of the Ginner-Mawer School, rehearsing her dance for a display in Hyde Park

A SUMMER SUNSHINE GIRL: Posed by Miss Gwili André

— AND SOMETIMES THE TWAIN SHALL MEET: A young Japanese tennis player at Roehampton shows her skill in a fast game with an English opponent

THE HIKER AMONG THE CLOUDS

White flannels, an open neck shirt, and a solar topee complete the kit of this hiker in the Peak district

MAN'S WEAR FOR A MAN'S JOB

The river girl in appropriate punting garb on the Lea at Broxbourne, Hertfordshire

CARL BRISSON RETURNS TO THE SCREEN: Carl Brisson and his leading lady, Margot Graham, in a scene from the new musical film, *Prince of Arcadia*, which has just been completed at the Nettlefold Studios, Walton-on-Thames

"PRINCE OF ARCADIA": Carl Brisson as the Prince with his equerry (Peter Gawthorne) in another scene from the film

THE GORGEOUS MILITARY UNIFORM worn by Carl Brisson in the new film, *Prince of Arcadia*

A NEW PLAY FOR THE WESTMINSTER: Leonora Corbett, who takes the leading rôle in *Cupid and the Don* which succeeds *The Lake* at the Westminster Theatre

PLAYS and FILM

Jessie Matthews Keeps Things going at the Strand: Sir Gerald du Maurier at his Best in "Diplomacy": "Don Carlos" at Covent Garden

A few days before *Sally Who?* opened, I walked past the Strand Theatre and read on a poster propped against the wall that "Sally is that Jessie Matthews of the large soulful eyes, slim schoolgirl candour, and sudden quirks of biting humour of which we can never have too much."

I trust I may not be suspected of a sudden quirk of biting humour if I suggest that one can very soon have too much of the large soulful eyes and the slim schoolgirl candour if there is not a play of sufficient interest to give them a setting. Mr. Dion Titheradge's play is designed with some skill to exploit Miss Matthews to the utmost, and Miss Matthews is not of the type to let slip any opportunity.

In the eyes of her admirers she can do no wrong; she has been acclaimed as the white hope of English revue and even as the white hope of the English stage. I find her, though undoubtedly talented, lacking in any sort of repose and a mass of annoying tricks, but I admire to the full her determination and her amazing activity which, in these days of languid refinement among young actresses, are refreshing qualities.

The fault at the Strand Theatre is not that Miss Matthews has been given a vast amount to do, nor that she cannot do it, for she is above everything else a "pro." It is that the play is so stale a dish that all the soulful eyes and schoolgirl candour in the wide world could not season it.

Let me, with plumpish ex-schoolboy candour, suggest that we are heartily sick of the boydenish type of girl who wears odd clothes, says what she thinks, offends most people except the young man whom we know after the first five minutes she will eventually marry, and has a heart of gold. If we must have her, we should see her in a play whose intrinsic originality will atone for her presence.

When *Sally Who?* is not being *Peg o' My Hearty* (or the next best thing), it becomes a sort of paternity steeplechase, all coherence lost in the effort to establish which of three men is Sally's father. Even if Sally herself had been a live person, and not a mixed salad with ingredients culled from nearly every "lovable" theatrical heroine of the past twenty years, that would have been a doubtful course. People may be interested in characters on the stage, but they are not interested in their pedigree.

A rather gloomy doctor with the coffin-side manner is at first supposed to be Sally's father. Then a middle-aged Sir Something-or-other, who twenty years before had taken a barmaid to a Sunday concert and then home to his flat "because it was raining," is a candidate. Finally a truculent person in a red tie from Sally's native Australia claims that honour.

Which was the real one I frankly forget, and it is not going to keep me awake o'nights trying to remember.

Miss Matthews' vivacity keeps things going, and the piece, in spite of itself, has some entertainment value. But it is a synthetic comedy with no true life in it. Lines uttered with a profound air are soon found to be platitudes and those who speak them are just puppets. The humour, too, is synthetic humour.

Mr. Sonnie Hale has shown himself to be a good "straight" comedian; for non-musical work such as this he should avoid that tendency to shout. The "catty" women over whom Sally duly served were played in the conventional spirit of iciness by Miss Margaret Scudamore and Miss Eileen Culshaw. Mr. Arthur Wontner had not much of a task as the doctor nor had Mr. Spencer Trevor as his rival in possible fatherhood, but they cleverly managed to keep a crudely theatrical discussion from becoming ludicrous. That admirable actress, Miss Mary Jerrold, has rarely had so poor a chance.

Diplomacy might reasonably have been considered an orange that had long ago been sucked dry. Yet enthusiasm at the Prince's Theatre proved that there is still a public for the "well-constructed" play of which this is a conspicuous example.

Sardou's dramas, as one sees them to-day, remind me of those restaurants London used to have which invited patrons to see the kitchen. One was conducted with pride round the rows of shining pots and pans and the immaculately clean grates and ovens and one marvelled at the efficiency of it all. Sardou lets one, as it were, see his kitchen and how his dramatic dishes are concocted. Sense of illusion may go; but there is much satisfaction in knowing that the materials are of the best quality and that they are being put together with spotless skill.

Sir Gerald du Maurier knows all about the Sardou tradition and, as Beauclerc, was at his best in that artificial but brilliant scene between the three men, the remaining and very able members of that trio being Mr. Basil Rathbone and Mr. Eric Portman. I congratulate Mr. Lewis Casson on avoiding exaggeration as Baron Stein; many actors have overplayed that part to death.

Miss Margaret Bannerman, more beautiful than ever, showed yet again what she can do with a part into which she can get her nice teeth. Her Dora is in the line of the great Doras, with a strong and definite personality of its own.

If the prices at the Princes' are cheap, the entertainment most certainly is not.

There must be some compensation for our leading impresario in the success of *Music in the Air* at His Majesty's. *Wild Decembers* having resulted in a wild Cochran, there is likely to be for some time to come this charming comedy with music to fall back upon for soothing care and for inducing that sweet Lethe in which even critics are forgotten.

I note that Miss Mary Ellis has been officially promoted to the position of "star." The mysteries of rank and precedence on the stage and in filmdom are beyond me; but I understand that in future we see not *Music in the Air*, of the cast of which Miss Ellis happens to be a member, but Miss Mary Ellis in *Music in the Air*, which is something entirely different and at the same time precisely the same thing. So work that out.

The important fact is that Miss Ellis gives a superb performance and has all the talents and qualities for her job—humour, good looks, a fine voice which she knows how to use, and acting powers of a high degree. Moreover, her personality is pleasant; so many leading ladies of musical comedy are either arch or schoolmarmish. Miss Ellis is neither.

The opera season is in its last week, with several performances of Covent Garden's last "novelty," *Don Carlos*. This work had not been heard in Bow Street since 1867, the year in which it was composed.

I marvel at the long neglect. The libretto is tortuous, complicated, and absurd; but if an opera were to be ruined by its libretto Wagner's "Ring" would have been placed permanently on the shelf long ago, for a more tedious and incomprehensible yarn than that about Wotan and Siegfried and magic gold and dwarfs and sleeping amazons has surely never been produced on any stage.

Verdi's music is not that of Wagner. Quite a lot of people prefer him to Wagner, and it is a good thing that tastes differ or, in the words of Sam Weller, "what would happen to the maker of fancy veskits?"

Don Carlos is a "fancy veskit" sort of opera and, like the majority of such garments, on the blatant and tawdry side. But in between the purple, or even puce passages, there is some remarkably fine music, notably a scene between Philip II of Spain, sung by our old friend, Signor Autori, the Casanovan caricaturist from the Coliseum, and the Grand Inquisitor, whom Signor Tome makes very grand indeed. M. Ulysse Lappas, the Greek tenor, who has come back to Covent Garden after much wandering, sang well as Don Carlos and, as tenors go, is a good actor.

The scenery is not particularly Spanish, which is not surprising, seeing that it came from Italy; but it is at least adequate and the care and cleverness of Mr. Charles Moor, the producer, were well in evidence. Sir Thomas Beecham secured some fine orchestral playing and accompanied the many arias as if he loved them, as I have no doubt he does, for they are most beautiful.

One can learn much from the film world. From the film version (American) of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters* I learn that the younger son of a peer can also be a baronet, and that deportment during a Court at Buckingham Palace can be indeed bizarre. I haye never been to a Court at Buckingham Palace, so for aught I know Hollywood may be right.

From the film now running at the Adelphi I gathered, from the official information, that *Don*

S: By PHILIP PAGE

Quixote was written by a gentleman called Morand. "Story by Paul Morand," runs the programme. So the sooner we stop teaching our school children a lot of inaccurate nonsense about a writer by name Cervantes the better.

Don Quixote, the film, is not the masterpiece Cerv—I mean Morand's—story has been universally acclaimed to be. It lacks life and movement. Much as I detest that overworked word, thrill, it is necessary for a film, particularly a film of adventure, to have its thrills in plenty. This has none. The whole thing is artistically done. The photography is wonderful. The music is not great, but quite good. The attention to detail and, above all, to grouping is beyond reproach.

Yet the film never seems to be real or to be representing reality. One film critic has most happily called it "dreamlike," and so it is. But it is not at all a bad dream.

The position of Chaliapin, who plays the Don, is rather perplexing. He is a consummate actor. He is a great singer. Yet as a film actor—at any rate in this part and I believe he has appeared in none other—he is curiously disappointing. Don Quixote's dignity is there, but not his pathos. Indeed, there is nothing in Chaliapin's Don but dignity, and that is not quite enough. Mr. Oscar Asche is admirable in an unsatisfactory part; if only he could be "a lean knight," what a Don is here!

Mr. George Robey as Sancho Panza "ran away with" the whole film. That is partly because he is not merely a mighty buffoon but a clever and most conscientious actor.

A MUSICAL ADVENTURE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: Mr. Cochran has scored another success with his new production, *Music in the Air*. The above picture shows the schoolroom scene in the village of Edendorf. Dr. Walther Lessing, the music teacher (Horace Hodges), is conducting the local choral society in one of his latest tunes before setting out for Munich and adventure

IN THE MUSIC PUBLISHER'S OFFICE IN MUNICH: Another delightful scene from *Music in the Air*. On arrival in Munich Dr. Lessing and his friends visit Ernst Weber (C. V. France), a friend of Lessing's youth and now a successful music publisher. They are treated to a rehearsal of Bruno Mahler's new musical comedy during which Mary Ellis (centre) attracts and enraptures Karl Reder, the Edendorf schoolmaster

THE TEMPERAMENTAL OPERA STAR: Frieda Hatzfeld (Mary Ellis), whose delightful singing and fine sense of comedy are proving a great attraction in the new Cochran show

"MUSIC IN THE AIR" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Left—Sieglinde Lessing (Eve Lister) listens to Bruno Mahler over the telephone as he professes his undying affection. So enthusiastic does he become that he gives her a part in the new play he is writing. *Above*—Frieda Hatzfeld and Bruno Mahler united again. While Bruno was paying his attentions to Sieglinde Lessing, Frieda had been enjoying herself at the expense of Karl, Sieglinde's young lover, the naive and embarrassed young Edendorf schoolmaster. All, of course, ends happily in the traditional style

CAVALCADE of the LONDON SEASON

An important evening dress which has only just arrived from Paris and which is a herald of the Autumn, when there is little doubt that taffeta will become the first favourite among silk fabrics. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove and is made in brown taffeta checked with gold. The high neckline which drops to a point at the back: the flat widened shoulders: and the pleated hem are details to watch, as is the complementary cape of brown velvet lined with taffeta with fullness gathered across the top of the arms

Luncheon parties in any of the fashionable meeting places of the moment call for an ensemble of this type. Expressed in a very mellow putty-coloured crêpe, the dress is embroidered with wide faggot stitching and shows the new slanting line below the waist. It has a soft cowl neck and a belt with a novel gilt fastening. With its accompanying coat, which has a well-shaped cape edged with broadtail, it comes from Derry and Toms. The hat is of brown felt with beige-stitched bands and a diamond-shaped cut-out in the centre of the crown

Photographs by Peter North

An old favourite in a new guise—natural Leghorn makes the charming garden party hat shown above. The shallow crown and the bow beneath the brim are of black velvet. Sponsored by Liberty's, it would be ideal for a summer wedding, an afternoon at Ranelagh, or with a crêpe-de-chine dress for a warm day in town

Above—

The morning game of tennis, or a fast set between tea and cocktails, is a very important item in the modern woman's day. This Lillywhite frock in corduroy jersey gives complete freedom of movement to the shoulders and is exceptionally comfortable to wear. Banded in a contrasting colour, and finished with a large wooden button at the neck, it is a new star which has been acclaimed by all the leading players

For the Eton and Harrow match—a striking coat of white Ottoman silk worn over a Bianchini printed crêpe-de-chine dress. The pleated frills and the looped sleeves are decidedly novel. Grey Crêpe Shiraz expresses the second of these two models from Debenham and Freebody. The coat has a draped cape edged with platinum-tipped fox

PORTRAIT OF LADY CAROLINE HOWARD by Sir William Beechey. Painted about 1789. To be sold at Sotheby's on June 14

MR. ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE by Sir Henry Raeburn; another portrait to be auctioned at Sotheby's saleroom next week

MRS. CHAPMAN by George Engleheart. One of several fine miniatures up for auction at Sotheby's on June 15

A SELF-PORTRAIT by George Engleheart. Given by the artist to Mrs. Phelp, August 19, 1816

HORACE HONE, A.R.A.: A self-portrait signed H. and dated 1804. *(Sotheby's)*

"THE RETURN OF THE 'MAYFLOWER'": Mr. Bernard F. Gribble's painting of the arrival at Queenstown Harbour of a flotilla of the U.S. Destroyer Force to assist the British Navy in the defence of commerce near the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. This picture was the subject of a personal message from President Roosevelt delivered by Mr. Robert Worth Bingham at the Pilgrims' Dinner at the Victoria Hotel on May 30, a message which evidences still more clearly the friendly attitude of the United States towards this country. The following is an extract from Mr. Bingham's speech: "When he heard of this picture Mr. Roosevelt undertook to acquire it. He did acquire it, and I may interject that since then it has occupied a place of honour in his home in New York City, in the Governor's mansion at Albany, N.Y., and now in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt asked me to tell you that he was discussing with the artist the name which should be given to this picture, and that Mr. Gribble said: 'After all, it is a second voyage.' And then Mr. Roosevelt said: 'Quite true. Let it be called "The Return of the *Mayflower*."' I trust that in all the difficulties which confront our nations now and in the future, in connection with all problems which seek solution, all may remember that in the last great crisis which confronted the world your flag and our flag flew together on the war-swept seas; your sons and our sons stood together in the flaming battle line"

ART UNDER THE HAMMER

Saleroom Activities in June

After the exceptional sales described in the issue of May 20, there has been a slight lull in the salerooms, due possibly to a natural reaction and to the counter attraction of the Epsom races, which have lured purchasers on to the famous downs. But the sales in early June, if not startling in character, promise us articles of interest and quality, such as, for instance, the picture sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 14. The outstanding pictures in this sale are two portraits, one being by Raeburn of a Mr. Spottiswoode, who it is reputed was Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode, one of the original members of the famous firm of printers (THE SPHERE has been printed by them since its foundation). It is a distinguished portrait, showing Mr. Spottiswoode standing in front of a background of wild sky and moorland, wrapped in a loose coat with a red cowl. The picture belongs to-day to the same family, Mr. John Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode.

The other portrait is by Sir William Beechey of Lady Caroline Howard in her charming girlhood, dressed in white, open at the neck; her hair, which flows freely as if blown by a breeze, is held in by a yellow band. In Beechey's account books, where he entered the names of his sitters and the price paid, we find that in 1789 (the year in which Lady Caroline married Lord Carlisle) he apparently entered this portrait under "Miss Howard (small), £7 7s.," a price one would rush to give for such a portrait to-day. The third outstanding picture in the sale is by Terborch, showing a husband and wife, the man sitting by a table, soberly clad in black with a large white collar, while the wife stands beside him, a dainty little person, wearing a white satin dress with a blue velvet bodice trimmed with ermine. This picture was shown at the Exhibition of Dutch Art in 1929.

To miniature collectors there is a great opportunity for adding an Andrew Plimer, Richard Cosway, George Engleheart, or one of the good but lesser known artists on ivory, to their collection, at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 15. There is a striking self-portrait by George Engleheart, shown in profile, and inscribed by the artist "With G. Engleheart's best compliments to Mrs. Phelp, August 19, 1816."

Portraits of men are always more forceful in miniatures than those of women, who always seem to have required a flattering portrait from the artist. But Engleheart does not seem to have been thinking of flattery when he painted Mrs. Chapman, whose long nose and wide mouth are emphasized, the face being interesting in its veracity. It shows one of the Engleheart characteristics—the exceptionally large eyes, often verging on the extreme. It is very aggravating to find so many good miniatures merely entitled "Portrait of a Man" or "of a Lady," all certainty of identity having been lost during the process of time. One can only regret that it did not become the habit to write the name upon the back of the portrait.

There is an important miniature of Lord Hanmer by Peter Oliver, who shows us a quaint-looking man indulging in a long, narrow, pointed beard, below a huge moustache, perhaps to distract attention from his long nose and small eyes. Lord Hanmer was Cupbearer to Charles I, and married a Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria.

A little later on in June (on the 23rd) some fine English furniture is to be disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby, who illustrate an unusual needlework cabinet of seventeenth-century Italian work. It is constructed of ebonized rosewood with tortoiseshell panels. When the two doors are opened they reveal a central cupboard surrounded by drawers, the fronts of which are elaborately worked in petit-point stitchery, showing country and hunting scenes.

At the same sale a really remarkable panel of medieval tapestry, German in origin, will be sold. It is divided into compartments, representing scenes from

(Continued on p. 428)

Give your drink a SPARKLE . . .

–therefore

whether you feel like a Whisky and Soda or a Gin and Tonic.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

BUSES IN BATTLE ARRAY: The long line of buses at Epsom on Derby Day forming an extra grandstand alongside the permanent structure

SECOND-HAND VALUE.—The reduction in the price of petrol which took place some weeks ago, and which I trust will not go back to its old level, has been a very welcome incentive to increased motoring during the summer months. What a pity the Government cannot respond on their side, because as far as the suppliers are concerned petrol must be one of the most moderately priced commodities sold to-day. After the Government have taken their 8d. per gallon, and the garage man has had his just commission for stocking and selling it, there does not seem to me to be a princely amount left for the people who dig up, transport, refine, and distribute the spirit. For as long as I can remember motorists have always attached, what I consider, an exaggerated value to the effect which the price of petrol has on the cost of motoring. They also hold the amount of the annual tax in almost holy regard, whereas in actual fact the additional amount on any car up to about 20 h.p. makes very little difference in the annual running costs. If every motorist would only realize that his greatest expense will in all probability be depreciation he would give this subject a little more thought. How often does one see a motorist gaily purchasing, say, a £500 motor car, or perhaps even a £700 vehicle, only to find that at the end of twelve months half his capital expenditure has disappeared? I have known even worse cases than these, and yet people who think very little about them start worrying as to whether they can afford to pay £10 or £14 a year in tax.

If a car is bought just for the fun of motoring and money is not too scarce then it matters little what is the price of petrol, the amount of the depreciation, or any other financial consideration; but if the acquisition of a car and the pleasure derived from running it is controlled in some way by the amount of the outlay and the annual cost of running, then the first point to be considered is the amount of cash that will go down the drain when the car is resold. Speaking for myself, I prefer to know the worst or the best, as the case may be, beforehand; in other words, I like, if possible, to get hold of a car the second-hand value of which remains more or less constant. Fortunately, there are several well-known cars the depreciation of which is comparatively small and the value of which is known almost at any time. Perhaps the two best-known examples of what I mean are the Austin Seven and the Rolls-Royce. I quote these merely because they are at opposite ends of the scale, and they, therefore, serve to illustrate that the actual amount of money paid does not necessarily determine whether its second-hand value is good and steady.

"BUMP OF LOCALITY."—Quite recently there has been much activity in the map world. Some of our better-known technical journals have been presenting maps to their readers, and I also see that the R.A.C. has recently published a new section of their County Road Map and Gazetteer. Whether I am particularly unfortunate in the choice of my passengers I do not know, but I find that surprisingly few can read a map with any discernible degree of intelligence. I am liable to deduce from my experience that the majority of car owners are not nearly so clever at map reading as one might believe, and I think that most car owners would benefit considerably by studying the subject. Map reading, of course, is a pastime which can be cultivated, and so lack of knowledge at any given moment can usually be removed at almost any time. But there is another sad failing of motorists, or at any rate of a fair proportion, that is not so easily remedied. I refer to what is usually known as the "bump of locality." Time after time I come across people who travel from one place to another once or even twice with me, and on the next occasion they do not appear to have any recollection whatever as to which turn to take or what town they are coming to next. Speaking for myself, I have a great disinclination ever to ask a stranger anything, not even how to get to my destination. When I sit behind the steering wheel I like to feel that the car will take me anywhere I want to go without assistance from anyone else. This independent attitude may be unsociable, but it has always compelled me to utilize my powers of observation to their fullest extent, and when that happens the development of the "bump of locality" follows as a natural sequence.

BUYING BY 'PLANE: The use of aeroplanes by motor dealers for visits to manufacturers is becoming increasingly popular. The sales manager of the Wolseley Company is seen welcoming a dealer on his arrival at Castle Bromwich Aerodrome. The car is the latest model Hornet coupé

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June 12–13.—**Coins** and **Medals**

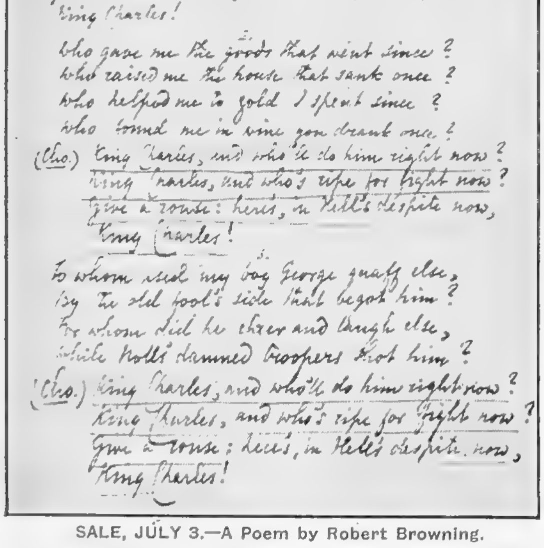
June 14.—**Drawings** and **Pictures** of the English and Continental Schools. Illustrated catalogues (3 plates), 1/-.

June 15.—The well-known Collection of **Piqué, Miniatures, Boxes,** etc., the property of **Lionel B. Mozley, Esq.** (Deceased). Illustrated catalogues (8 plates), 3/6.

June 16.—**Chinese Porcelain, Old English Furniture,** etc.

June 19–20.—**Prints** and **Etchings,** the property of the late **J. Hutchinson, F.R.S.**

June 19–20.—**Printed Books.**



2. Give a rouse.
1.
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!
2.
Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
(Cho.) King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!
3.
To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
(Cho.) King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

SALE, JULY 3.—A Poem by Robert Browning.

Valuations made for Probate and Insurance at lowest possible rates.

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SALE, JUNE 29.—One of a Pair of Rare Green Kang'Hsi Vases.

June 19.—On the premises at **4, Fitzroy Square,** the remaining Stock of **Curtis Moffat, Ltd.,** which will be sold entirely without reserve.

June 21.—**The Celebrated Collection of Pictures by Old Masters** from **Marbury Hall, Cheshire,** the property of the late **Rt. Hon. Lord Barrymore.** Illustrated catalogue (12 plates), 5/-.

June 22.—**Chinese Armorial Porcelain,** the property of **W. Quennell, Esq.** Illustrated catalogues (9 plates, one in colour), 3/6.

June 22.—**Objects of Vertu.**

June 23.—English and French **Porcelain** and **Pottery; Models; English Furniture;** and a superb MEDIÆVAL TAPESTRY.

June 26–30.—**The Valuable Library** formed at the **Durdans, Epsom,** by the late **Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., KT.** Sold by order of his daughter Lady Sybil Grant. Illustrated catalogues (23 plates, 7 in colour), 7/6.

June 27.—**Silver** and **Important Jewellery,** including a superb **Diamond Rivière.**

June 26–27.—**Japanese Prints** and **Work of Art.**

June 28.—**English Water Colour Drawings,** including the property of the late **Sir Henry McCardie.**

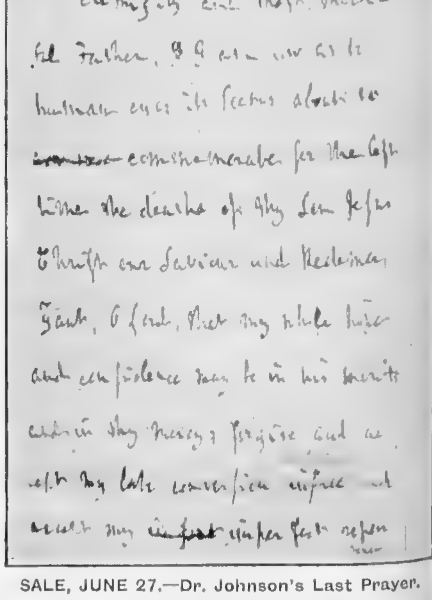
June 29.—Fine **Chinese Porcelain** and **English Furniture.**

July 3–4.—Valuable **Books, Illuminated Manuscripts, Autograph Letters,** etc. Illustrated catalogues will be issued.

Sales on view at least three days prior.

Catalogues may be had.

Printed lists of prices and buyers' names may be purchased after each sale. Particulars on application.



Almighty and most merci-
ful Father, I am now as to
human eyes it seems about to
commemorate for the last
time the death of thy Son Jesus
Christ our Saviour and Redeemer.
Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope
and confidence may be in his merits
and in thy mercy; forgive and ac-
cept my late conversion, enforce and
accept my imperfect repen-

SALE, JUNE 27.—Dr. Johnson's Last Prayer.

T.E.L.

IT TO THE HORSE MARINES. For this hitherto notoriously credulous body of men have had their legs pulled so often in the past that they accept nothing without proof. But they know well enough what T.E.L. means—it is the pet name for **Tetra-Ethyl-Lead** — the finest anti-knock specific known. It is the plus in BP Plus and by curing knocking it gets every ounce of power out of your engine.

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ART and LETTERS

Under the Hammer

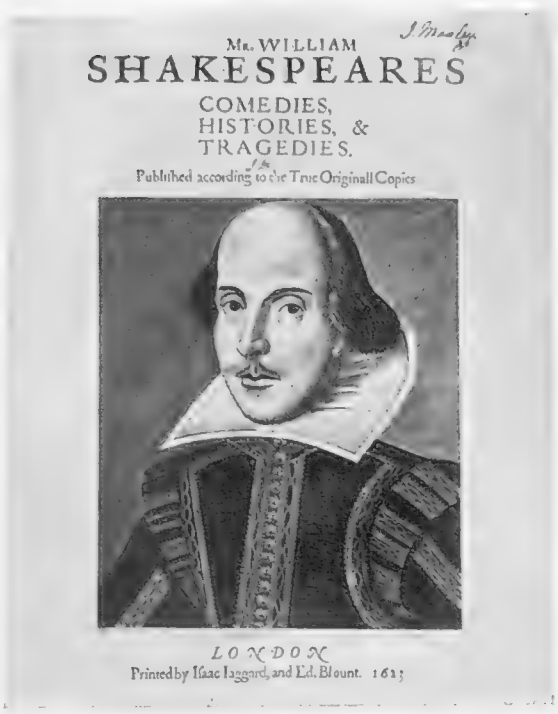
(*Continued from p.* 424)

the Nativity of Christ, showing the Birth of Christ; the Twelve Astronomers gazing at the Star of Bethlehem; the journey of the Magi; the Adoration; and an Angel warning the Kings in their sleep not to return to Herod. The last scene with the three kings lying tucked up in one bed, the black king on the outer edge, is delightfully realistic. The tapestry belongs to the latter half of the fifteenth century.

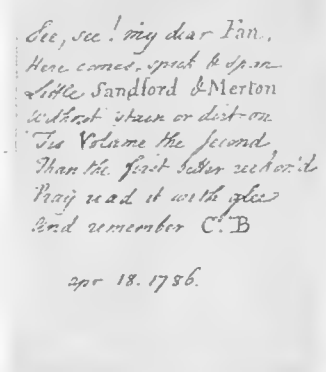
The excellence of the recent sales has shown a corresponding tone in the prices realized which should encourage owners who are anxious to sell. A sum of £15,157 was the result of the sale of the collection belonging to the late Mrs. Henry Oppenheimer at Messrs. Christie's which is said to be about £5,000 more than the whole purchasing cost of the collection. The highest price was given for a Queen Anne walnut settee which fetched the notable sum of £451, two Chippendale armchairs made £294 and £262 respectively, and a Chippendale mahogany commode of serpentine shape was sold for £315.

The Dillon collection, removed from Ditchley in Oxfordshire, described in a previous issue of THE SPHERE, realized a total of £15,290, many private buyers securing some of the finest articles. The Louis XV tapestry walnut suite was bought for £1,700, and the Italian side-table mentioned as being made for Lord Litchfield in Florence from the designs of Henry Flitcroft was acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum for £180.

It is interesting to notice that watercolour drawings are maintaining a high reputation in the saleroom market. No less than £380 was given for Peter de Wint's "Bolton Abbey" at a sale at Messrs. Sotheby's a week or so ago, while Copley Fielding's "Morning Mist" and "Arundel" realized £325 and £300 respectively.



A LORD ROSEBERY FOLIO: This "Manley" volume is one of the late Lord Rosebery's four Shakespeare Folios to be sold on June 30

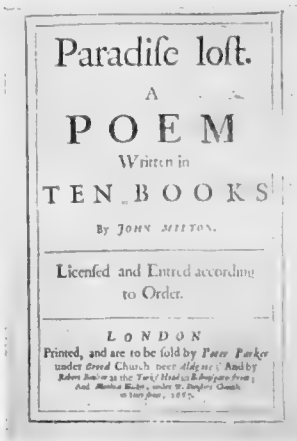

See, see! my dear Pan,
Here comes your friend
little Sandford & Merton
without shoes or hat on
In Volume the second
Than the first better we like it
Pray read it with grace
And remember C. B
Apr 18. 1786.

FROM FANNY BURNEY'S copy of the *History of Sandford and Merton*. This introductory note in verse was written by her father, Dr. Charles Burney, at the time of presenting the volume. It is to be sold at Sotheby's on June 27

The last five days of June are being devoted by Messrs. Sotheby to the dispersal of the late Lord Rosebery's library, which had been housed at The Durdans. We learn that it is "a matter of lasting regret" that the present owner, Lady Sybil Grant, has been obliged to part with this library—a regret that one can fully appreciate, realizing that his books were of such real interest to Lord Rosebery. He was no mere collector, searching round to find some rarity, but one who bought books because he loved them and wanted them to read and use. He once asserted in a public speech that he was sure every one of his hearers would agree that "his own little shelf of books, even if it be merely a shelf, is infinitely dearer to him than the whole collection of the British Museum."

As one might expect, Lord Rosebery made no effort to specialize in any way, or to complete a series, but on the other hand he did not willingly possess an imperfect copy. We therefore find that his Shakespeare is represented by a set of four Folios, as important as any which are already known. As a great number of the surviving copies of the First Folio are now in the possession of public libraries, this sale affords the private collector a rare opportunity to obtain what the catalogue describes as "the supreme prize of all English-speaking collectors."

The first part of the catalogue is devoted to books relating to horses, and sport in general, showing Lord Rosebery's great interest in the breeding of horses; the general library occupies the succeeding four days, and the Napoleonic library will appear in a special catalogue later on in the summer.


Paradise lost.
A
POEM
Written in
TEN BOOKS
By JOHN MILTON.
Licensed and Entred according to Order.
LONDON
Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turk's Head in Bishopsgate Street; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstans Church in Fleet-street. 1667.

DISRAELI'S COPY OF "PARADISE LOST": This volume was printed in 1667, and during his lifetime was in the possession of the famous Prime Minister. The book is in excellent preservation and will be offered at Sotheby's on June 29

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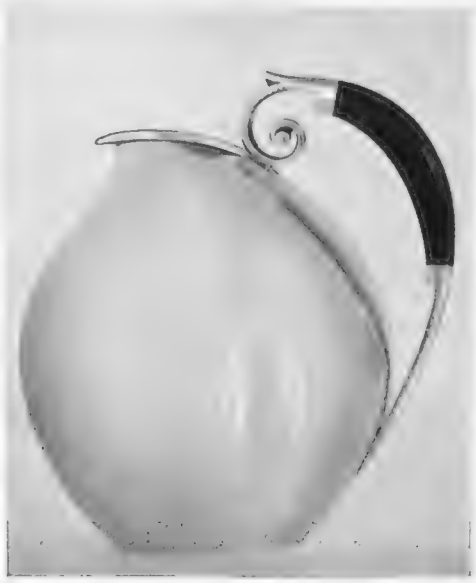

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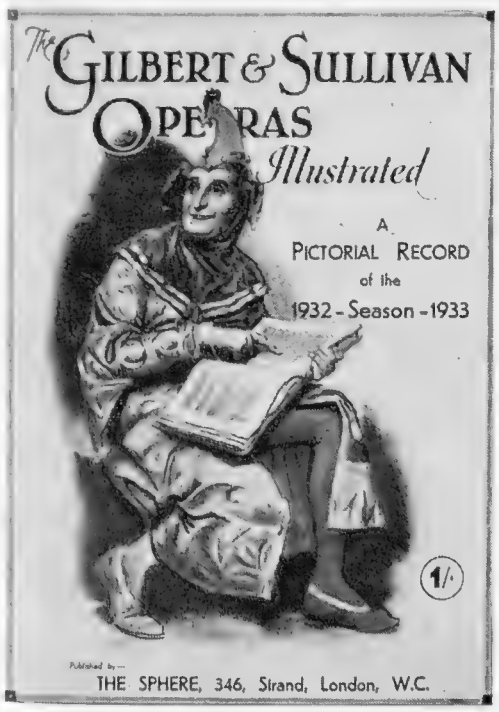

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HAMPTONS

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CVS—349

THUNDERING NIAGARA: The whirlpool below the famous falls. On the left is the American and on the right the Canadian Fall with Goat Island in the centre. Niagara is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. From the Canadian side Niagara is an easy boat or rail journey from Toronto, Ontario's capital

Time was when the idea of a summer holiday in Canada would have been ruled out very definitely by the twin arguments that it would occupy far too much time and prove decidedly too expensive, but developments in Atlantic travel during recent years, particularly in regard to the St. Lawrence route, by Canadian Pacific, have cut the time occupied down to less than a week, with only three-and-a-half days of open sea steaming, and the provision of an exceedingly comfortable cabin class accommodation, with a good rebate on the round ticket, has gone very far towards solving the problem of the expense of such a holiday.

In fact when you look into the matter carefully, you find that you get astonishingly good value for your money on such a trip—a fine tonic sea voyage out and home, at a time of the year when life on the ocean wave is exceedingly pleasant, your choice of a route in Canada for as many or as few days as you like on an all-in basis, with accommodation at a moderate price in hotels of the first class, and inland travel by motor, lake or river steamer, or by train, on the same ticket, with nothing to see to after your original booking, and everywhere the best of attention. All this is possible under the exceedingly convenient Canadian Pacific travel system, with its combined ocean, steamer, railway, road and other services, and its chain of high-class hotels, embracing the chief beauty spots and leading cities of the Dominion and among them the largest in the Empire, and if you desire it you can have the added advantage of being personally conducted wherever you wish to go.

What a delightful experience if you were to cross the Atlantic this summer and see something of life in the New World, under such comfortable conditions? Within the compass of a month's holiday you could see the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence, stay at the great Château Frontenac, most modern of hotels, o'ertopping quaint old-world Quebec, where yet the house remains to which they brought home mortally-wounded Montcalm after his defeat by Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, spend a day or two in Montreal, picturesquely scattered about its beautiful mount, yet the financial hub of Canada and the greatest wheat-exporting centre in the world. And from here you could pass on to Ottawa, the Dominion capital, built on a commanding site facing the great Laurentian Mountains, with noble buildings wherein the Canadian Senate and House of Commons meet, whilst hard by rises the stately Tower of Peace, with its world's largest carillon of bells.

Then a visit should be paid to Toronto, a beautiful city of fine thoroughfares and tall buildings, with a very attractive lay-out curving around the shores of Lake Ontario, and offering to her visitors accommodation it would be your privilege to enjoy in the largest hotel in the British Empire—the Royal York, from the lofty tower of which you would obtain a glorious panoramic view of the city and its surroundings. Toronto is a city which leads in Canadian culture, and nowhere else in the Dominion could you come nearer to understanding something of the ideals which penetrate Canadian life and make Canada such a loyal and progressive partner in the Empire.

Your finest view of the "Queen City," as she is termed affectionately by the Canadian people, would be as you left by steamer to cross the Lake of Ontario *en route* for the far-famed Niagara Falls, there to witness one of the most stupendous scenic spectacles the world affords. No pen can paint Niagara, no hurried visit gives a true conception of its grandeur, but you would have ample time to view it from above and from below—from Goat Island—which divides the larger (Canadian) from the smaller (American) fall, and to see it flood-lit at night in streams of multi-coloured flame—a sight which would hold you spell-bound.

Before you were due to embark at Montreal, on the homeward journey, there would still be time for a rail visit to New York and its giant skyscrapers, returning viâ the lovely Hudson River, as far as Albany or for a peep at Boston, the "hub" of New England, steeped in American history, and if you preferred to remain within the Empire there would be St. John, in New Brunswick, once the old French trading post of Ford St. Jean, and Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, one of the strongholds of the Empire, which played a leading part in the war of 1812, for you to see, and in any case you would return well satisfied in every respect with your novel holiday across the Atlantic.

EDWARD E. LONG.

WHERE CANADA'S PARLIAMENT MEETS: A striking view of the Senate and House of Commons buildings at Ottawa. The Canadian capital is one of the world's cleanest and most carefully planned cities. Its streets are wide, after the Canadian fashion, and its houses and public buildings constructed artistically and to endure. It was, of course, the meeting place of the last Imperial Conference

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A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden, mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies, setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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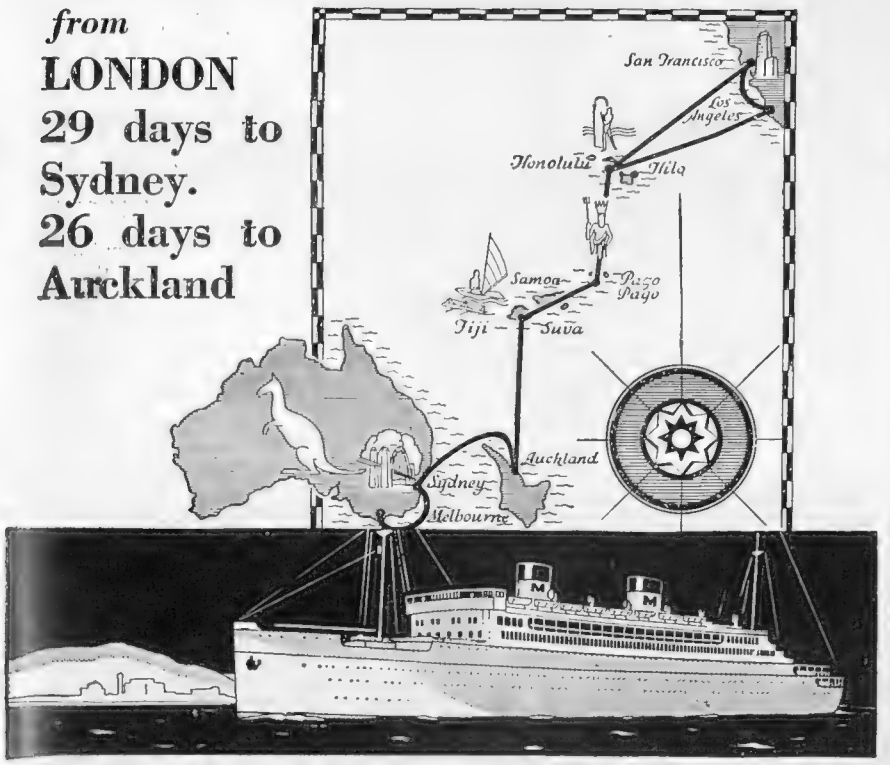

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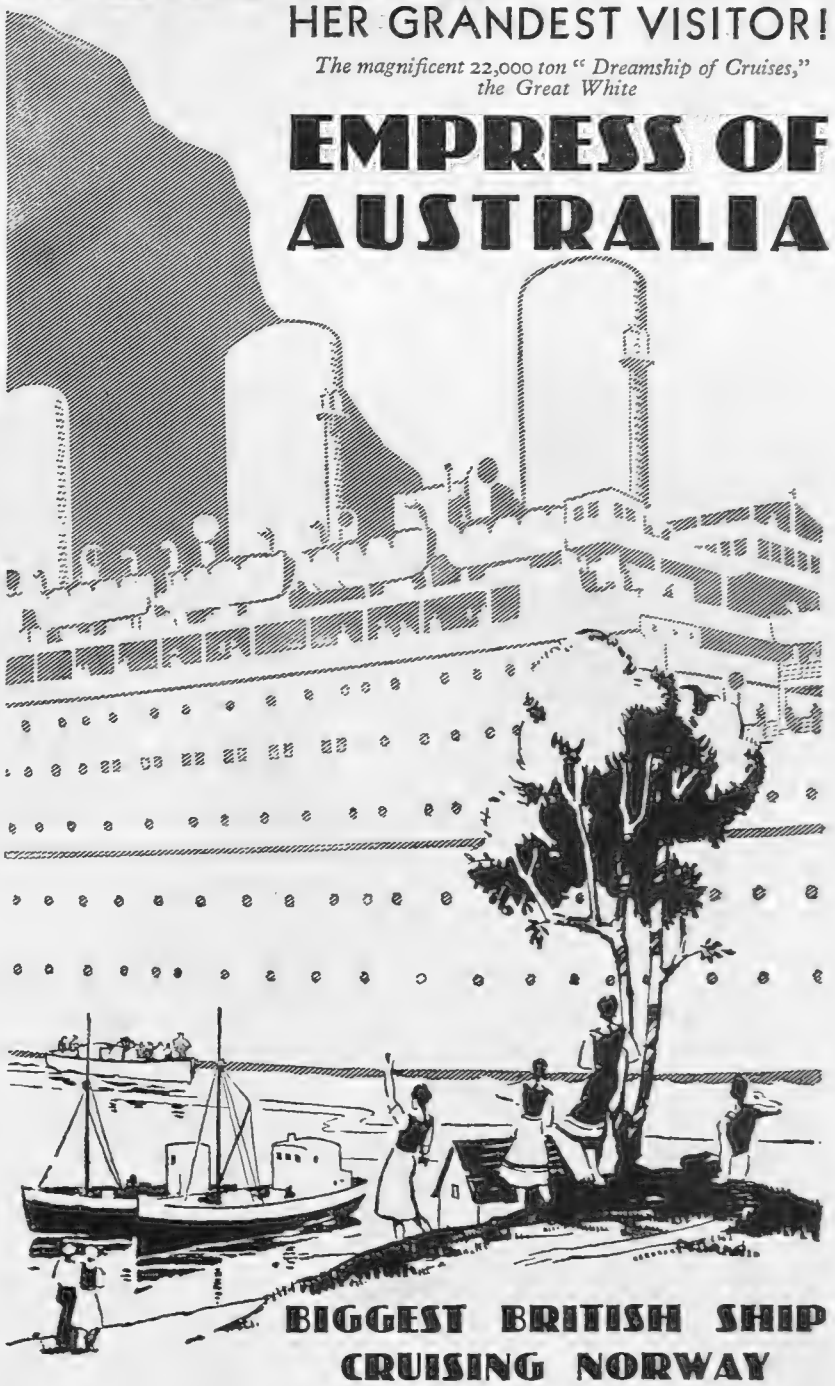

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LAUSANNE

Switzerland's Summer Sports Capital

Its Varied Attractions Described

By EDWARD E. LONG

Above—A close-up view of the lake shore of Ouchy where sandy beach, still lake waters, and luxuriant foliage form an irresistible combination of beauty

Above — Another view of Ouchy—Lausanne's attractive little port and plage. The steamers making their way to distant beauty spots seem very inviting

LAUSANNE FROM THE HEIGHTS: The panorama of city, lake, and snow-capped mountains

It is its fine open and healthful situation which has won for Lausanne, the picturesque capital of Canton Vaud, a reputation second to none in Switzerland as a place of residence. It has, moreover, always exercised a charm over foreigners, and over people from this country particularly, from the days when Gibbon wrote there a great part of his famous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to the present, when you will find numbers of English people taking advantage of the exceptionally high standard of intellectual life, and the admirable educational facilities Lausanne provides, by residing there whilst their children attend one or the other of its many schools.

And there is a general charm about this old University city, with its commanding cathedral, its many noble buildings scattered amongst the hillsides, its pretty villas nestling amid charming gardens, its tree-lined avenues and promenades, wide open spaces, and fine hotels standing in park-like grounds, whilst the majestic view of the Lake of Geneva and the distant snow-capped mountains, the vineyards and meadows stretching to the very gates of the town, the glorious scenery of the Jorat forests near by, and the many lovely woods invest Lausanne with a natural beauty difficult to surpass.

Lausanne has its libraries and museums, its exhibitions of paintings, for lovers of art, and devotees of music, opera, the theatre, and cinema will find their needs catered for with a lavish hand, and it has, too, facilities for sport of so many kinds and of such a high order that it has become quite the summer sports capital of Switzerland, with the added attraction of ice-rinks and ski-ing slopes within easy reach when winter takes command.

Tennis courts, football grounds, riding schools, fencing clubs, gymnasiums and stadiums make a catholic appeal to sportsmen, with a fine, pine-bordered golf course; and down by the lake-shore at Ouchy, Lausanne's lake port, overlooked by the picturesque Château d'Ouchy, scene of the Reparations Conference last year, is a charming plage, where, from a sandy beach fringed with the luxuriant foliage of fine shady trees, you may bathe in the lake or bask in the sun to your heart's content. Here, too, you may toboggan down the big water chute or paddle your own little canoe on the placid lake surface, and, if your fancy so directs, you can scull, or yacht, or take a motor-boat or steamer trip to various beauty spots along the lake shore.

With such opportunities for sport it is only natural that Lausanne should attract large numbers of the sports-loving public of Switzerland and from all over Europe during the summer, when its hotels, world-renowned for their comfort and cuisine, are filled with a gay clientèle, and the city is a centre of almost ceaseless activity. This summer season bids fair to rival any of the past. In mid-June a great International aviation meeting — for Lausanne has an up-to-date air-port — will be held, and later in the month there will be fencing for the Swiss Cup, golf for the Lausanne Challenge Cup, and a Vaudois athletics championship meeting, whilst during July a tennis tourney, a yachting regatta, regional championship and Swiss championship athletic meetings, and a fête du bois, with processions, dances, and games, will take place.

August opens with the Festival of the Swiss Confederation, which will be well worth seeing, and there will be local and international yachting, regattas, and a "Grande Semaine de la Plage" at Ouchy, with games, exhibitions, competitions, mannequin parades and the like fare, and from August 27 to 29 the Rotary Club International Congress will be held in Lausanne to add to its cosmopolitan aspect. September opens with a great golfing week, when the Lausanne Championship will be decided and an international match played, with cups presented by France and Switzerland, and during the month there will be an aviation meeting of the Aero Club, with an international balloon rally, a yachting regatta, a French-Swiss golf championship meeting, an athletic meeting, a marching competition, and a tennis tourney. With such an attractive programme, added to the natural attractions of the city, Lausanne should find little difficulty in maintaining its reputation this year for a very successful summer season.

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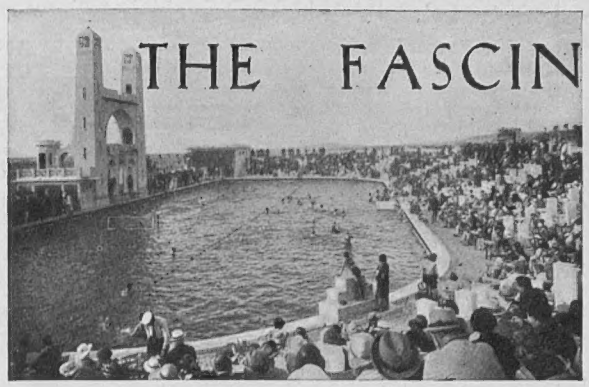
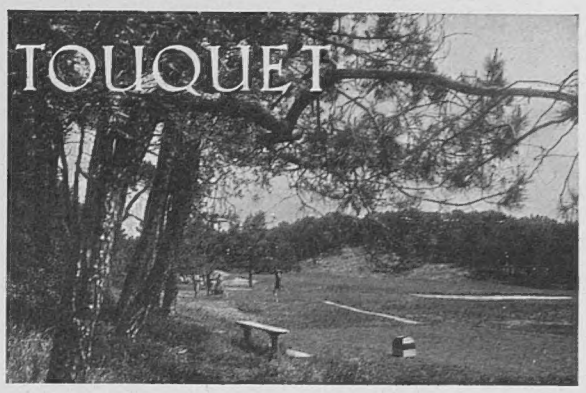
THE FASCINATION of LE TOUQUET

How British Enterprise Has Brought About Its Development



A PALATIAL SWIMMING POOL: A game of water polo in progress at Paris-Plage



AT THE EIGHTH HOLE on Le Touquet's wooded golf links

Almost half-way between London and Paris is to be found one of the most striking towns of modern times, Le Touquet. In 1883 it was nothing more than a selection of a few fishermen's cottages situated on the banks of the Canche, the river that flows on to Montreuil-sur-Mer, which was the British G.H.Q. during the Great War. It owes its development entirely to British industry. Mr. J. B. Whitley was its first founder and his work was nobly carried on by Mr. Allen Stoneham, who died only two or three years ago.

One of the chief reasons for its success is its beautiful forest which stretches for miles just at the back of the sand dunes. This forest was only planted around 1900 and in its shady clearings are to be found many of the prettiest villas in France.

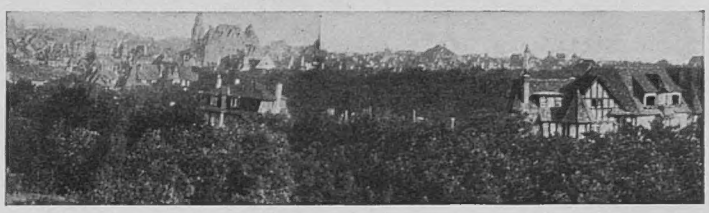
The centre of Le Touquet is at the world-famous casino and around it are grouped some of the leading hotels, notably the Hermitage, which has frequently been favoured by the visit of the Prince of Wales. Just over the road are the beautiful tennis courts, where are to be found twenty-nine of the finest hard courts in France.

Communication with England is provided by two direct aeroplane services daily throughout the summer, the aerodrome being situated practically on the edge of the forest. The boat trains between Calais, Boulogne, and Paris stop at Etaples throughout the summer season, and all the big hotels send their cars to meet the boats at Boulogne.

Mention must be made of the golf links, the only club in France possessing three courses. The latest course was completed only in 1931. The length of the new course is 6,762 yards, whilst that of the old is 6,145 yards and that of the nine-hole course 2,392 yards.

Le Touquet has as its annexe on the sea Paris-Plage, which last year saw the opening of the largest sea-water swimming bath in Europe.

Bathing can now be had at all states of the tide and every luxury is to be found in the handsomely appointed cabins—bar and spring-boards. The depth varies from 90 cm. to 2 m. 50 with a depth of 4 m. to 5 m. beneath the diving-boards. In cold weather the water is artificially heated. The eight tiers of seats around the bath can contain 1,800 people and a further 1,300 can find place in the promenade behind the tiers.



LE TOUQUET AND ITS WOODED ENVIRONS with the new Hôtel de Ville building in the distance

Racing is another of Le Touquet's attractions and the meetings are held in July and August. The Horse Show is one of the aristocratic events of the season and the Drag Hounds meet every week during the season.

The last two years have seen the opening of the new Town Hall, one of the most handsome municipal buildings in France, and close at hand are to be seen the new markets.

Salmon fishing is to be found in the Canche in the reaches just above Etaples.

The months of July and August are one long round of fêtes of every nature, battles of flowers, concours d'élégance, golf competitions, tennis tournaments succeeding one another day by day in an uninterrupted succession.

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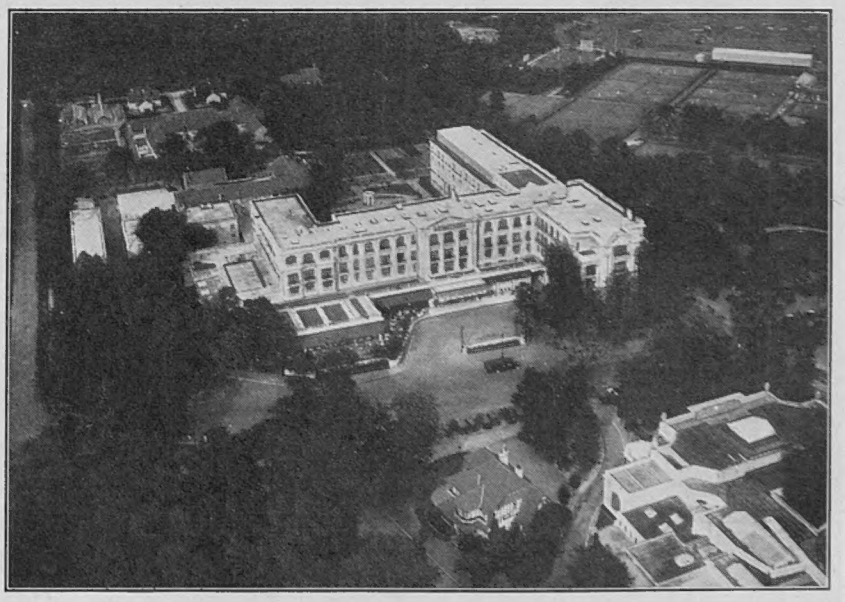

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THE INFLUENCE OF ADVERTISING

Lord Luke of Pavenham, the chairman of Bovril, Ltd., and chairman of the British National Committee, opened the seventh International Chamber of Commerce Biennial Congress in Vienna on May 29 with a speech on The Influence of Advertising on Distribution. In the course of his address Lord Luke said: "In July there will be at Olympia, in the heart of London, an Advertising and Marketing Exhibition. I mention this fact because such a venture planned on such a large scale in this time of economic hardship is an indication that men's minds are turning towards the vital necessity for economic distribution. We live in an age of plenty, but we are in the midst of want. Our problem is no longer how to produce; it is how to dispose of the goods which we produce in such abundance. That is why this exhibition is important. It is a concrete and a co-operative effort made by wide-awake advertising brains to solve in some degree these pressing and urgent problems of distribution. This London Exhibition is international in character, for it is only by international co-operation that we can eventually restore a measure of general prosperity to the world. Exhibitors are coming from many lands, and in fact there is to be a Continental section in which many European interests, mainly newspapers, are taking space."

NOTES AND NEWS

"THE MODERN MOTOR CAR"

To any of our readers who may feel puzzled at the "temperamental" behaviour of their motor car engine—and particularly to any of them who happen to be owner drivers—we recommend a pamphlet entitled *The Modern Motor Car*. *The Modern Motor Car* has six coloured plates, each of which shows a different view of the outside and inside of a typical motor car. The plates are arranged in the same way as the superimposed diagrams of human anatomies in medical books. For instance, if you lift up the flap showing a picture of a motor car in Section I, there is revealed another picture which represents what you would see if you stripped part of the body away. If you then lift up the second flap, more intimate details of the car, gear-box, and transmission are shown. All the parts are numbered and their names given in a numerical index. Any of our readers can secure a free copy of *The Modern Motor Car* by sending a post card to the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell-Mex House, W.C.2.

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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

There are still a few tickets for reserved seats, price 2s. 6d. each, available for the Ninetieth Annual Meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, to be held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Thursday afternoon, June 15, at 3 o'clock. The Dowager Countess of Jersey, D.B.E., J.P., will present the prizes sent by H.M. The Queen. The children will give musical selections and a gymnastic display, and there will also be a Children's Ballet. Application for tickets should be made to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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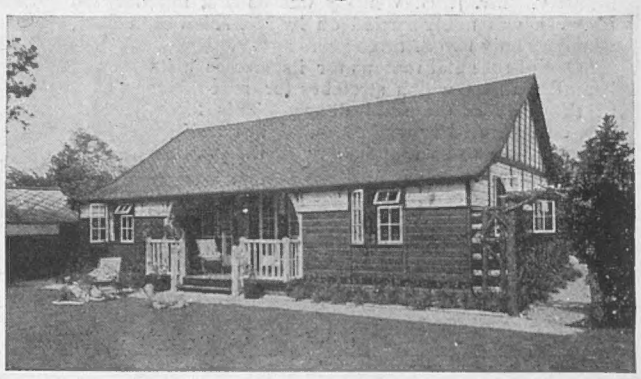

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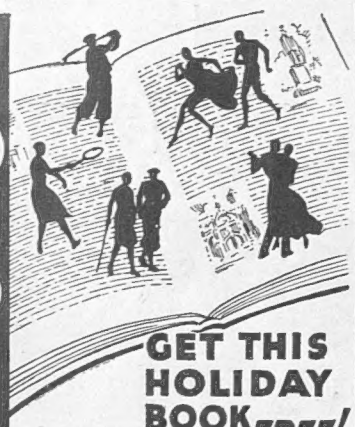

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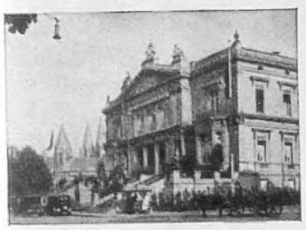

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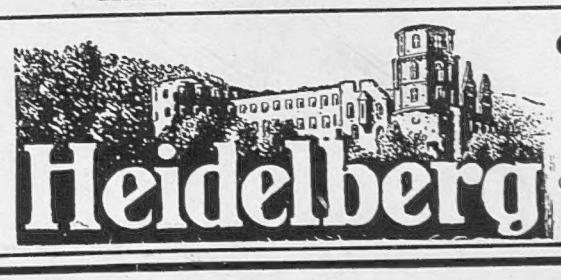

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